THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer's sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale—
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming
In the spirit's glorious clime.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS NOT TRUE.

"A clear case that!" And Isabel Bohun nodded towards the pair—Captain Thynne and Claris—riding on in front of her.

"Yes, he's regularly caught," assented her sister. "What does she mean to do with him, I wonder?"

"Marry him," was the laconic reply.

"Whew!" Jessy whistled. (I am not afraid of shocking anybody; in these days of fast young ladies it takes a good deal more than *that* to shock the public.) "I shouldn't have thought it worth her while."

"Claris has thought it worth her while to take a good deal of trouble to get him."

"That may be; he is worth that as an introduction, you know. Claris is bent upon a season in town next year, and *that*"—nodding significantly towards the captain—"gives the *entrée* to Arlingford House, and therefore everywhere. The duke will be quite satisfied with the prospect of a co-heiress for his grandson. The bride-elect will be introduced and *fêted*, and, once the footing is secure, the stool by which it was gained may be pushed down. Only I am wondering what she will do with him when she has done with him."

"Would you like the reversion?"

"Not I, thank you. We are not heiresses, Isabel. You and I cannot afford to waste our time."

"I think Claris cares about him a little," persisted Isabel.

"Not she," replied her more experienced sister. "She is playing her game too steadily for that; she is perfectly cool and collected, you see, whilst he, poor victim, is thoroughly glamored and bamboozled—doesn't know in the least where he is, or what he is doing."

"'Lord! what fools these mortals be!'" quoted Isabel.

"Just so; all the better for us, and for Claris. There would be no fun if men were wiser," laughed Jessie, as she put her horse to a canter.

Yet Jessie, worldly-wise as she was, had not half fathomed the depths of Claris's conduct. There were wheels within wheels which baffled even astute Jessie. Claris had to avenge her dethroned supremacy, of which such queens as she are wont to be jealously careful. Olive, little brown Olive, who had hitherto lived only in the shadow of *her* skirts, had grown beautiful in her absence—had made a conquest, or nearly so, worthy of her—Claris; whilst Claris herself had gained from her summer campaign no more glorious trophies than a middle-aged widower with five children, and a superannuated Knight of the Bath. It needed some such stroke as this carrying off of a prize from under the very eyes of another to restore Claris's confidence in herself. Then one of Claris's strongest passions was love of popularity. She knew instinctively that Miss Ursula and Olive loved each other with a love she could not reach. She was suspicious, in her smiling way, of their mutual confidence; she was angry at finding she had been excluded from any part of this confidence. Perhaps if Olive, against the maidenly reserve of her nature and of the occasion, had confided in Claris, she might have appeased her exacting jealousy and saved her own heart; perhaps only, for it would still have been intolerable that Olive, usually so unnoticed and unobtrusive, should rise up in rebellion against the sovereignty which Claris had always enjoyed. Claris was tasting the sweetness of revenge, and her silent triumph was pitiless.

The conversation we have recorded took place on the first day that Claris's horse had been pronounced well enough for use, and that Die Vernon had been restored to her mistress. It was a December day—clear and frosty at the beginning, misty and damp at its early close. Lady Arthur had invited the younger members of the Armytage party to ride with her to a "meet" of foxhounds, three miles beyond Hazelrigge Lodge, returning thither to luncheon. Elaine Decies had declined Miss Ursula's proposal of driving with Olive to join the party, on the plea of having letters to write, so that Olive found herself once more at liberty to mount Die Vernon. But, alas! Die was not the same; the ride was not the same; the very air had lost its exhilarating power. Isabel and Jessie Bohun's chattering made her head ache; and Lady Arthur, whom she so disliked, monopolized her entirely from the time she arrived at Hazelrigge Lodge until she returned to Armytage Hall. The day was a complete disappointment—no, not complete—there was one precious moment in it when, in the courtyard at Hazelrigge Lodge, Captain Thynne, springing forward as she was about to mount, put her into the saddle, and, taking the reins from the groom's hand, laid them in hers, exclaiming, with all his old *empressement*, as he patted Die's arching neck—

"I am so glad to see you out again; it is like old times. Die thinks so too; see how proud the creature is! If she proved difficult to subdue to your hand, she is yours altogether now; she knows her mistress."

"Gerald! Gerald!" called Lady Arthur, "come and see to these girths; they don't feel right, somehow."

He went, though not too readily, and then Lady Arthur took possession of Olive for the rest of the ride. How she longed to gallop away! What a temptation every cross-road, every turning, was to her! She would have given worlds, if politeness had not been in the question, to leap the first gate, and feel Die's feet flying over the green sward away from Lady Arthur. But it could not be, so she resigned herself with a sigh of despair, thankful enough to see the wide front of Armytage Hall loom through the cold mist. They rode up to the door in this order:—Lady Arthur and her prisoner first; Isabel and Jessie next; whilst Claris and Gerald were so far behind that they could scarcely be discerned at the end of the avenue.

The large hall was in its winter guise now. Across its whole length was drawn a tapestried screen, the life-work of a Lady Armytage of Queen Elizabeth's time. There the ships of the defeated Armada—and, looking at their construction, it is no wonder it *was* defeated—tumbled helplessly about in a sea of faded green silk, whilst British sailors, large enough, each one, to have sunk, by his weight, the frail craft on which he stood, spread abroad all the five fingers of their two hands in token of triumph. This wonderful piece of handicraft shut out the staircase from the outer door, and was drawn round one side of the Tudor-arched fireplace, where huge logs blazed and crackled upon iron "dogs" sitting upon griffin's claws, and rearing grinning heads aloft.

The two Bohun girls and Lady Arthur crowded round the blaze with noisy complaints of the cold, until Miss Ursula, opening the library door, ushered her guests in with promises of tea and warmth. Olive remained standing at the fireplace in the hall shaking the damp from the crimson plume she had loosened from her riding-hat, her little figure brought out in full relief against the ruddy blaze. She was glad to rest from the oppression of Lady Arthur's society. She was thinking back on the few words in the old tone, on the look which had scattered the clouds of the past days, and brought back a glimpse of the old happiness and content. She heard the jingle of teacups as the tray was carried through to the library; then a respectful voice at her elbow said—

"Miss Armytage has sent you a cup of tea, miss."

She took it from the man's hand, drank the tea, and set the cup down on an oaken settle near her. Then the library door opened again, and Isabel and Jessie Bohun came through.

"Oh, Miss Bankes!" cried the former, "we are proposing a game of bagatelle before dinner; are you up to it? Lady Arthur and we three, and those two, if they turn up in time, but they seem to be bent on improving the fine weather outside."

"I shall be ready in a few minutes," assented Olive.

"Agreed, then!" concluded Isabel. "Elaine has not got through her correspondence yet; and, besides, bagatelle is too active a game for her. We will just change our habits."

A moment after "those two" came in from the portico. They did not see Olive. Claris passed through the open end of the screen farthest from the fireplace towards the staircase.

"Good evening, Captain Thynne," she said gayly.

But he followed her.

"Claris," he said, in a low tone of suppressed agitation, "do not leave me without an answer."

Olive heard her mount two or three steps.

"To-morrow," she said slowly.

"No, *now*," he pleaded; "be merciful; do not keep me in suspense. To-morrow is a long time."

"Nay," she said lightly, "the days are short now."

"A short day is an age sometimes," he replied. "Say one word before I go; do not send me away without a word of hope."

There was a silence. Olive could hear the beating of his heart through the tapestried wall. She could not have moved if a kingdom had depended upon her doing so; nay, more, not even to wake from the cruel dream in which all this seemed to be said. Then, in that wonderful sharpening of the senses which was like the moment before death, she heard Claris reach out her hand to him, heard him press it to his lips, whilst he repeated in a burning whisper—

"I love you! I love you! my own!"

A door opened above, and Jessie Bohun's voice came echoing along the corridor. Olive heard Gerald's step pass along on the other side of the screen; in another instant he would turn the corner—he would see her! She put out her hands blindly, as if to keep him back, and in so doing she struck the teacup from the settle: it fell upon the stone hearth shivered into fragments. The crash reverberated through her heated brain. What was it? Had the world come to an end, and were these the awful thunders of doom? She turned a wild, pale face upon Gerald—a face that sobered the transports of his mind. He stood aside to let her pass: he had a vague feeling of some great wrong which he had done. That face! was it *his* doing? How absurd! She was startled; ladies were nervous sometimes; and that cup had fallen with a confounded din. He felt quite angry with the poor scattered fragments; then he stooped and gathered them up and began mechanically to try and put them together.

"Pshaw!" he said at last, "what a fool I am!"

And then he stalked out into the misty gloom of the avenue, feeling strangely miserable, considering that he ought to have been "the happiest man in the world."

And Olive? She stole up the great staircase, treading in the very footsteps of her wrecked love and happiness, holding by the carved and twisted oak balustrades, for she was so dizzy that she would have fallen but for their support. A great quiet had fallen upon her, so that she hushed her footfalls and held her breath as she walked, lest she should break it. The Hermes silver lamp seemed to her to burn dimly, and the great tender eyes of the pictured Armytages on the wall looked out of a mist upon her. She crept along the gallery, through a ghostly company of those pitying, following eyes, and into her own chamber, locking the door behind her. Then she sank down upon the floor, and, dropping the hat she had held tightly all the time, she took her head between both her hands and tried to struggle through her dimmed and dulled senses to the truth. What did it all mean? Where had it all begun? And ever, as she groped her way about the landmarks of her mind, the beginning seemed farther and farther back. Had he not loved her? Was there not a time, long, long ago, when he surely loved her? It stung her, even through the stupor in which her thoughts were wrapped, the doubt that he had not. Words, it was true, had been wanting; but then, what were words to love? They were only like the thundering boom of the cannon coming along after the lightning-flash has told the tale of the speeding of the ball to its mark. And this, this ruin, how had it come? She tried to go back step by step, but the way was encumbered by the fallen fragments; she could not trace it. It was as if an earthquake had changed the whole face of her familiar country, so that she stood forlorn, lost, in a scene which had no longer any home-like tokens for her, which wore only a cold, unanswering face to her perplexity.

There was a knocking at the door of her room; it seemed to her a long way off, like the sounds we hear in dreams. She was conscious of no obligation of hers in connection with it. A far-distant voice was speaking her name—speaking it again and again. She repeated it, too, in a sort of dazed, dreamy way, within herself. The repetition seemed to soothe her—to bring something of home into the waste wilderness where her mind was straying. She ceased to question now; her mind fell back from the task of trying to understand it all. Like a travel-worn wanderer it lay down to rest, and in utter weariness she slept.

What was that sound? She was on her feet in a mechanical obedience to it. What used it to mean before—before everything had gone away from her? She could not remember. It was the dressing-gong, she knew, but the words seemed to mean nothing when she thought them. She said them aloud, and her voice sounded so loud and harsh in her own ears, that it made the nerves of her head throb, and set even her teeth on edge. She walked slowly round her room, touching all the furniture, piece by piece, hoping dimly, through her sentient life, to bring back that connection with the outside world which seemed to have snapped asunder. She opened the doors of her wardrobe; her usual evening dress was hanging there. She took it down and laid it upon an ottoman. What next? She seemed to have forgotten the ordinary mechanical routine of dressing, and the more she thought of it the more bewildered she seemed to grow. And yet she was conscious of an imperative necessity for movement. She came up to the dressing-table. There lay the combs and brushes, and the various necessaries of her daily toilette. She handled them one by one; then, not pausing for any further perplexity, she let down the coil of hair which had fitted under her riding-hat. A thrill of terror ran through her as the loosened masses rolled below her waist: how was she to restore them to order? Nevertheless, she did it, and a little reassured by this success, she proceeded to the next phase of her toilette, and so on to the next, doubtful of each step as she took it, yet finding that her incompetence was only of thought, not of reality. Only she could not bear the sight of her own face in the glass—it had such a strange, unreal look, and the eyes were like the eyes of some other person; they looked into hers with an earnest gaze, as if they knew that she was mad, and pitied her for it. Mad! mad! How awful! how terrible! At twenty-one to be *mad!* to be shunned, despised; to have all her past life and doings suspected of that taint; her schemes of usefulness set aside as delusions; her influence—nothing. To live on all those long years in the world, with the voice she had hoped to raise against the evil in it so ignominiously struck dumb; to suffer derision upon her very piety! Her mind literally tottered at the picture. She steadied it as well as she could. The present was more than enough, she told herself; she must not diverge to the future. She must go down now to the drawing-room; she must talk to some one until dinner was announced. Mrs. Decies it should be; she was gentle and soft, and would not hurry her thoughts as Isabel or Jessie would. How strange all these names seemed to her! They seemed like people she had known in another world, or rather from whose world she herself had passed. What should she say? What would she have said before this came upon her? How had she looked and acted? She must be careful and keep her mind to the moment's work, or Mrs. Decies—they all—might guess she was mad. But she was not mad. If she could only shake off this nightmare feeling of unreality, if she could only wake up, she would be herself again. In the meantime she must not betray herself, for her future peace and comfort she must not.

She went down stairs. The handle of the drawing-room door presented itself as a great mystery; how used she to turn it? A step on the staircase behind her quickened her movements; the handle turned most unexpectedly at her touch. Mrs. Decies was seated on the couch by the fire alone, her tatting in her hand. She looked up and smiled as Olive walked towards her. She liked Olive, and Olive had felt herself drawn towards the lady's high-bred gentleness.

"My dear, you have been in great request. Isabel went to look for you in your room, but found the door locked, and could get no answer. So I took your place at the bagatelle-board, and our side had a great triumph."

"I was tired. I have been asleep," stammered Olive.

Was this right? Had she spoken rationally and coherently? She looked anxiously at Mrs. Decies. That lady's head was bent over her work; there was no sign of surprise on her countenance.

"Ah, yes; you had a long ride. I have no doubt you were glad to rest."

A silence. Olive felt that it was incumbent upon her to break it. What should she have said long ago? A book was lying before her on the table. She took it up.

"Have you read this, Mrs. Decies? It is Miss—Miss—" (a cold shudder ran through her; she could not recollect even that familiar name. She turned to the title-page and read) "Miss Muloch's last."

The words were only words to her. Were they more to Mrs. Decies?

"No—I have just begun it. It seems very interesting. I like her books so much. Oh, dear, I am all wrong here some way! Your eyes are younger than mine, my dear. May I ask you to set me right?" And she handed her work to Olive.

With what despair she carried the tangled little knots to the wax candle on the mantelpiece! She had not the faintest idea what to do with them. She turned them about in her fingers, careful only of one thing—to keep her face away from Mrs. Decies.

"My dear, I am quite ashamed to give you so much trouble," at last spoke that lady.

"Oh, it is nothing," replied Olive. "I cannot find the—" and her voice died away; it seemed so useless to speak when words themselves meant nothing.

"Let me see what is the matter," said a voice at her side. And Miss Ursula's kind arm was round her, and her skilful fingers had untied the knot before disgrace and exposure had had time to reach her. She had an impulse to fall down at her aunt's feet, to bury her head in the folds of her dress and letting all effort to keep up go, to leave her reeling brain to take her where it would. But she knew she must not close her eyes for an instant; that her frail hold on reason was only maintained by keeping the tangible objects of life in full view. She caught Miss Ursula's eyes fixed anxiously upon her, and she hastily took up a book, and pretended to read.

Claris swept in presently, smiling and radiant.

"Here is the little mysterious elf, I declare!" she cried. "Why, Olive, where have you been? Isabel and Jessie say that you agreed to play bagatelle, and when we were all ready your door was locked, and nobody could make you either hear or appear; we began to be afraid that some fairy had spirited you away."

"Miss Bankes was tired and fell asleep," put in Mrs. Decies.

"I should have thought that Isabel's voice would have roused any sleeper short of the young lady in the fairy tale who went to sleep for a hundred years," replied Claris gayly.

She was in the highest spirits; she talked and laughed all through the evening; and Olive, making almost superhuman efforts to be conscious, created the effect of being more than usually animated. But the strain on her mind had been so exhausting that she was trembling from head to foot when she found herself once again shut into her own room, safe for the night from all further demands upon her. What a sham the whole world was, and she, who once prided herself upon her reality, was the greatest sham of all! Had she not been acting all the evening? And she must go on acting still. Life was so pitiless; it was pushing her on; it would not let her rest; and she was so weary, and nothing she did was of any use. If she could only lie down and die! What was death? And as her weakened mind sought to look into the great mystery, a horror of unutterable darkness wrapped her round, and with a groaning cry she fell upon her knees.

She had lost her hold of everything—she had lost even God Himself. Life was intolerable, death was awful, for He was not there. She was utterly forsaken. Borne in upon her mind was a terrible threatening—"I will mock when their fear cometh." Had all her past life been a lie, then? Had she never known Him, and had his judgments found her out now to crush her as a reprobate and outcast? For a single instant her mind started aside to infidelity—"There is no God." But she brought it back instantly with all the strength she had left; she was cold and trembling with the agony of that momentary but worse lapse of all.

"Oh, no, no," she cried; "rather the suffering, the darkness, the fear—rather anything than *that*. He is there, although I cannot see Him." And then there fell into her soul, quieted and awe-struck, a solemn sense of that great, immutable calm fixed far above the tossings and ragings of this "unquiet" earth, and she lay stilled and rested in that blessed revelation, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should put the throbbings of her earthly weakness between her and it.

Presently she rose from her knees, and wrapping herself in a heavy shawl, laid herself down upon the couch. Sleep came to her—the heavy sleep of exhausted brain and nerve. When she awoke again it was early morning, or rather, the hour before the late dawn of that wintry season. She sat up shivering. A dim sense of some great ill was upon her, and as the cloud of sleep cleared away the truth stood revealed. Her mind, almost overset by the first shock, had righted itself again; the stupor which had, as it were, dammed up her senses had passed away, and now the pent-up life rushed out, fuller and more vigorous than ever. She comprehended all the story of her dishonored love, of her wicked trust; and all the resistance of her passionate young nature rose against her fate. It is so difficult for the young to accept life. Because all the strong current of their hopes and feelings is set against sorrow and disappointment, they say, "It cannot be, it will not be." So Olive, standing at her window and looking out upon the pale stars of morning as they faded out of the gray skies, recalled the fair dream of the past, and turning from the blank promise of the future, as the young and full of life turn from death itself, she cried to the intense recoil of her heart, "It is not *true*, it is not true!"

CHAPTER IX.

LADY ARTHUR'S DINNER PARTY.

Lady Arthur Thynne gave a dinner party—rather an unusual festivity for the little lady, who was fonder of enjoying other people's hospitality than of exercising her own. But four times in the year Hazelrigge Lodge received a select section of those whom her ladyship delighted to honor, and thus paid its social debt of obligation. This special occasion was a little awkward for Lady Arthur, for her son's intended bride was to be presented to such members of the county as formed the party; and, the first flush of victory having subsided, my lady suddenly remembered that the circumstance would have the effect of making her look "shockingly old." She took a good deal of pains to counteract this untoward effect, and her pains had their due reward. Her light blue draperies floated about her with as easy a grace as if she had been as youthful as she wished to be; in fact, if you took the back of the slender little figure, or considered the graceful arrangement of the light-colored bandeaux, or even if you boldly presented the fair, rose-crowned face to a *very* subdued light, you might easily have mistaken it for that of a young lady.

Sir Everard Staplewode, "our member," who had drunk with the first gentlemen in Europe, and had brought away from that elevating companionship a good deal besides the obtrusively-evident conviction that, although he was not the rose he had "*vécu auprès d'elle*," bowed over my lady's little white glove with the elaborate grace intended to support that conviction, and delivered himself of a flowery and poetical monologue in which Venus and perpetual youth and Lady Arthur Thynne were so happily blended, that the little lady bridled and smiled, and actually felt inclined to believe it! Not a word of *the* event of the day—not a hint: the politic old courtier knew better. Three months since he had been apprised of the birth of his first grandchild; he had married late in life, as such men do; he remembered the sensation produced by the intelligence, and it was not pleasant

enough for him to risk any disturbance of the evening's harmony by an ill-considered allusion to circumstances sufficiently analogous to "repeat" the sensation.

Miss Hetty Bushe was not so happy; poor Miss Hetty seldom was happy. The blithest, the kindest, most simple-minded of dear, good, muddle-headed women, she trod upon everybody's toes, excruciated everybody's weak points, and agonized—kind, Christian soul!—over the pain she thought somebody else had inflicted. Three generations ago a daughter of Armytage had united herself in the bonds of wedlock with the Rev. Harvey Bushe, D.D., Rector of Chadleigh. The Rev. Harvey had been tutor to a royal prince, and stood fair, it was thought, for a bishopric. But the bishopric was never bestowed, wherefore the Rev. tutor lived and died—as he and his friends considered—an ill-used man. He brought up his only son to the Church, with a vague hope that the episcopal mantle might descend upon him, since the royal prince had become a reigning sovereign; and the grateful memories of kings have, since the days of the Egyptian Pharaoh, been subject to tardy awakenings. But of the loaves and fishes of the Church nothing was destined to fall to the lot of the Rev. Harvey Bushe No. 2 save the living of Chadleigh, which, being in the gift of the Armytage baronets, was bestowed in reversion upon yet another Harvey Bushe No. 3, and then the representation of the Bushe family having passed into the female line—to wit, Miss Hetty and one sister—the cure of Chadleigh souls passed away to strangers.

It was curious, though, as a matter of observation, to trace how the unbestowed bishopric had influenced the fortunes and standing of the family of Bushe; how it still diffused around them an episcopal aroma which was as cherished an heirloom as is the relationship of every Irish man or woman one meets to a mythical King O'More or King O'Neil. Two Harvey Bushes lived and died disappointed men, yet their disappointment ennobled them in the eyes of the world, who valued the shadowy claim to a bishopric more than the substantial tithe-rents of Chadleigh. And to this, more than to her worn-out relationship to the Armytage family, Miss Hetty owed her admitted right to rank amongst the "good" families of the neighborhood.

Miss Hetty was a genial soul who loved society, and valued very much her privilege of admission to all the gatherings of the county. The milk of human kindness had not dried up in her spinster soul; it oozed out and trickled about in little rivulets of tender interest amongst all her acquaintance. Matrimony—for others—was one of Miss Hetty's kindliest interests; the news of Captain Thynne's engagement to Miss Claris Bankes had put her into the most beaming spirits; she rustled up to Lady Arthur in the stiffest of green silk brocades. ("Stands alone, my dear," she communicated to each of her friends in turn; "such silks are not made nowa-days; feel it; it's like a board. Now I'll tell you its history. My mother and my two aunts each had a dress of it," &c., &c.)

"Oh, Lady Arthur! I am delighted to congratulate you on this happy prospect. Most pleasing, I am sure. So handsome and accomplished; so very charming! Dear Lady Arthur, these young people make you and me look quite old, don't they? To think that your son should be going to be married, and you and I were schoolfellows, and the same age within six months! Dear me! it doesn't seem five-and-thirty years ago that we were wearing those uncomfortable back-boards, and being very particular about turning our toes out, does it?"

Lady Arthur turned quite pale behind her fan, whilst a compassionate bystander, willing to cover the hostess's confusion, and being richer in tact than in command of language, remarked to Sir Everard Staplewode, with smiling urbanity—

"The population of some places is much larger than that of others."

"Exactly so, madam," assented the ready baronet, bowing low and taking snuff out of a gold snuff-box, after the manner of the Regent.

In the meantime Miss Hetty made her way across the room to Claris, anxious to impart to that young lady some of the overflowing satisfaction of her own heart; after which, her momentum increasing with every word she uttered, she must needs seat herself beside Lady Pearse Duncombe, the anxious mother of four unmarried daughters—one of whom had long been supposed to be casting admiring eyes upon the reversion of Hazelrigge—in order to enlarge upon the desirableness of marriages in general, and of this of Captain Thynne in particular!

"And—oh, there's dear Miss Armytage! I haven't seen her since I heard it. I *must* go and tell her how glad I am."

And, all unmindful of Lady Duncombe's ruffled maternal feathers, Miss Hetty and her brocade rustled away again. But Miss Armytage had slipped out of sight; she had passed through a doorway hung with silk damask and lace into an inner drawing-room, and, encircled by a party of congratulating acquaintance, was suddenly lost to Miss Hetty's view.

"Dear me! how odd!" said that lady aloud, turning herself round and round, and staring blankly at the spot from which Miss Ursula had disappeared.

A gentleman was leaning against the wall by the draped doorway—a man with a keen gray eye, over which he let the lid droop as if he did not care to show how keen it was—a very fine man, Miss Hetty thought, and so did a great many more. He was dressed in the fullest full dress, and submitted to even this ungraceful tyranny of fashion with a grace and dignity which redeemed the usually unsightly combination.

His dark whiskers floated down in crapé clouds to his white waistcoat; a set of magnificent teeth owed something to the contrast of a thick black moustache; and a slightly-hooked but handsome nose added to the eagle character of the eyes. But the complexion was the most wonderful part of the face; it was of a dark cream color, perfectly smooth and clear, without a stain or a fold; it must have gone through some process of baking in different climates—like a china plate in successive furnaces—and so got fixed in its present changeless enamel. This man somehow reminded one of Sir Everard Staplewode—they were, in fact, types of the same set in different generations; this one seemed to have taken a quicker polish than Sir Everard, and to wear it more easily when he had taken it.

Observing, amongst other points of observation, Miss Hetty's "lost" attitude, Colonel St. Maur placed her a chair with the quiet courtesy which distinguished him, and remained standing by her side.

"Thank you," said Miss Hetty, bowing and smiling, and seating herself. "A stranger," she thought, "probably staying somewhere for the shooting season. Where, I wonder?"

Her curiosity was gratified presently. The colonel informed her, in the course of the conversation which she commenced, that he was the guest of "Hallsham," of Abbeyford, confessed that he was a stranger, and asked for information respecting the assembled guests, which Miss Hetty was very ready to give.

"The young lady to whom I was speaking just now? Miss Leda Duncombe, daughter of Sir Pearse Duncombe; a very sweet girl, sitting by her mother now."

"I have had the honor of being introduced to Miss Duncombe; I meant the tall, fair young lady in the pink dress and pearls."

"Oh! the bride-elect—Miss Claris Bankes, niece and co-heiress of Miss Armytage, of Armytage Park."

"*Whose* bride-elect? might I ask?"

"Captain Thynne's—the son of the house!"

"Indeed! I served with Captain Thynne in India, and had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him this evening; but I did not know of his happy fortune. He is a very lucky fellow!"

Miss Hetty was engaged in a very animated conversation with her new acquaintance when Claris passed, leaning on Sir Everard's arm.

"Oh, my dear Miss Bankes!" cried Miss Hetty, pulling with dangerous violence at the skirt of Claris's diaphanous robe, "you must really let me introduce you to an old friend of your hus—I mean of Captain Thynne's—went through all the Indian mutiny with him—so interesting to you, my dear. Take my seat, and hear all about it. Colonel St. Maur—Miss Bankes."

And Claris, reddening with confusion at this address, found herself put into Miss Hetty's vacated chair, whilst poor Miss Hetty herself, radiant with the conviction that she was making somebody else happy, steamed away to communicate her satisfaction to Captain Thynne himself.

Olive was taken in to dinner by an elderly gentleman who wore frills to his shirt and a diamond pin, and who, having lost some of his teeth, and resisting the innovation of false ones, mumbled to the point of unintelligibility. He talked across her to Sir Pearse Duncombe on the other side of covers and preserves and the rights and wrongs of sportsmen, and so left Olive to pursue her own thoughts. She had never quite lost the strange feeling which had come upon her in the first moments of that terrible shock—the feeling that she had passed beyond the visible world about her, and that she and it had no longer anything in common; that mysterious feeling of unreality which, let her close her eyes for one moment, let her wander one instant from the track of enforced duty, was upon her again. Now, as she sat between her two occupied neighbors, and found herself released from any obligation of talking or listening, her mind slipped its anchor again, and went dreaming away on its experience of that strange thing called life. The gay flowers and dresses, the glittering silver and crystal, the hum of voices, the perpetual noiseless motion of the servants, all seemed to mix together in a sort of unreal panorama. She was struggling to reconcile the discordant elements of her experience—to bring up from the bottom of its well that truth which had once been so plainly before her eyes, but had now vanished. What was truth? She had believed in him—Gerald—with all the force of her intense nature; that belief could not be uprooted without shaking her soul to its very foundations. She was not willing to part with that faith in his goodness, his sincerity; but yet—yet—she must then lay herself low in the dust, and confess what burned her cheeks with maiden shame when she thought it! No, he *had* loved her; a voice spoke it deep down in her heart, and she believed it. But then—twenty times that evening she had been told, in polite congratulatory jargon, of the "strong attachment" which was so evident to all the world; nay, had she not heard it from his own lips? Her baffled brain turned from the contest, and as the shadows rushed by her—shadows, shadows, all!—she strove to grasp at something by which to steady herself, to rescue out of the unreal enough to support her tottering footsteps, to rest her wearied brain on *this* side of reason.

"The birds are exceedingly plentiful on your ground this year."

It was the voice of her mumbling neighbor—the second time he had tried to make it heard. He had raised it now, under the impression that his quiet little companion was deaf. She came back with a start—

"Yes—no—I think so."

"I saw three coveys rise from that stubble field on the Chadleigh-road as I went by this morning. Fine young birds, too. Sir Walter preserved his game very strictly; he had no mercy on poachers—the rascals!"

"I believe," said Olive, guarding her words carefully, lest they should escape into another meaning, "that my aunt intends to give the tenant-farmers the permission to shoot over the lands they rent."

"Surely, surely not, my good young lady!" cried the horror-struck squire. "Miss Armytage should consider the county. Think of the precedent! Such a thing is never done."

"My aunt holds peculiar views on the subject," replied Olive. "She thinks that as the birds fatten upon the farmer's corn, and the rabbits feed upon his grass, he is entitled to compensation."

Sir Pearse Duncombe raised his eyebrows with a look which said as plainly as look could say, "What do women know about these things?"

His hotter-headed friend plunged into the discussion of the subject.

"But—but—Miss Armytage—"

"Miss Bankes," she corrected gently.

"Miss Bankes—I beg your pardon—it is the landlord who has the expense of preserving the game."

"My aunt thinks there is enough for all, and she is willing to share the advantages with those who, she considers, have all the disadvantages."

"Hem! Miss Armytage advocates Liberal principles, I presume?"

It seemed to Olive that there was ever so slight a sneer accompanying these words.

"I thought a lady's politics were considered of no consequence," she returned.

"When a lady holds the position Miss Armytage does in the neighborhood, everything she thinks and says must be of consequence," was the nearest approach to a complimentary rejoinder of which the grim sportsman was capable.

Laying down the bunch of grapes with which she had been toying, Olive rose to follow the movement which had commenced to the drawing-room. Sir Pearse Duncombe smiled upon her as he stood up to let her pass.

"A clever young lady that," he remarked, as he reseated himself.

"Ugh!" growled his saturnine companion. "Women talk like parrots, young women especially."

"I don't know; our little friend was too much for us both. We are no wiser on the subject of Miss Armytage's political crotchets than we were before."

"Miss Armytage! Look here, Thynne, can't your influence put a stop to this absurdity of hers? Absolutely sacrificing all the preserves that old Sir Walter thought so much of! What could have possessed him to leave the estate to a woman? As if a woman could know how to manage anything but a nursery full of brats!"

"Order, order, Mr. Hallsham!" called Colonel St. Maur. "I shall have to call upon you to drink the Queen's health—God bless her!—in order to set your loyalty above suspicion after such a speech as that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R. 24, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

No paper offers as great inducements as The Post. Besides, as The Post and the Lady's Friend can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make The Post in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

THE GOLD QUESTION.

When we consider man as an intelligent being, endless artificial wants arise, anything aiding to his health, convenience, comfort or pleasure becoming a portion of his valued possessions. Thus each nation gradually becomes possessed of an increasing amount of permanent capital, consisting of everything useful in the production of material to satisfy the public wants; as soil, buildings, machinery, &c. From the employment of these a certain annual amount of production proceeds, which may be considered as a national income, that portion of it which is thrown into the market at any one period fixing the value of the amount of Gold and Silver in circulation at that period.

There are two natural standards of value by which the real worth of any article may be estimated, namely, its utility, and its supply as compared with the demand. But utility is a word of varying import, referring in one case to some inherent quality important to the well-being of mankind, in the other to some special adaptation to an artificial want, or to purposes of commercial convenience.

This latter case applies to Gold, which belongs, not to that class of articles which fix their own value, but to that whose value is partly due to chance or caprice.

We can neither eat, drink, nor wear Gold. In very few mechanical operations does it surpass the baser metals in value. Its superior property of ductility is of no essential advantage to the world. Its scarcity is surpassed by other less-regarded metals. It is as a fictitious representative of the amount of produced material that it has a special value.

The increase in the amount of Gold in circulation does not keep pace with the annual increase in production, and hence there would be a steady advance in the value of Gold, or fall in that of material, but that nations find it convenient to adopt a more advantageous circulation, eking out the want of gold with paper money. We mean, advantageous in respect to portability and commercial convenience, and in enabling the increase in the circulating medium to equal that in produced material. But this ability soon becomes a national evil, for constantly private speculation, and occasionally the war necessities of Governments cause an over issue, till money utterly overbalances production. In this case if any portion of the money has an advantage over the remaining portion it disappears from the circulation, the business of the country being conducted with the balance. Thus Gold, outvaluing paper in its durability and world-wide employment, retires out of sight, leaving local paper money to occupy its place, and is only to be drawn from its seclusion by the payment of a premium. Of this state of things we are just having pointed evidence in our own country, with a fair prospect of not seeing the invisible metal till the paper circulation is very considerably decreased.

Whatever may be said theoretically, no better test of the healthy condition of a paper currency has ever been found than its convertibility at par into gold and silver. As a merchant may know that he is extending his liabilities too much, when his notes will only sell at a heavy discount in the bill market, so a nation may know the same thing in the same manner. And the effect of an inflated currency is always the same—it is first to unduly stimulate, and then to depress the general business of a country; taking money for a while unfairly out of the pockets of some, and putting it into the pockets of others, and finally generally overwhelming all in a common financial ruin. And yet, as a man who has embarked on a career of intemperate drinking, clings to his inordinate glass, and will not be persuaded that it is leading him on to disease and death, so the business classes who feel the stimulation of an inflated currency can never be persuaded that it is not the very best financial condition that is possible for the country, until the day of reckoning comes, and they find themselves, to their great surprise, involved in a ruin which their own greediness of gain has done not a little to bring about.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Mrs. S. A. Schermerhorn, of Wellsville, Allegheny county, New York, writes:—

"*Gentlemen:*—I take this method of acknowledging the receipt of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. I think after I become accustomed to it, I shall like it very much. I return my heart-felt thanks to you, and will do all I can for your paper the coming year. I feel amply paid for the trouble."

Answer to a Correspondent.—Miss Olcott's account of "George Eliot" is, we have every reason to believe, correct. We have repeatedly seen similar statements, though not quite so full in their details as Miss Olcott's.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Notes on Epidemics. For the Use of the public. By Francis Edmund Anstie, M. D., Senior Assistant Physician to the Westminster Hospital. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Jennie June's American Cookery Book. Containing upward of 1,200 carefully tested Receipts. By Mrs. J. C. Croley (Jennie June.) Published by The American News Company, New York.

The Forest Tree Culturist; a Treatise on the Cultivation of American Forest Trees. By Andrew S. Fuller, author of "The Grape Culturist," &c. Published by G. E. & F. W. Woodward, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Lady Ashleigh; or, The Rejected Inheritance. By J. F. Smith, Author of "The Banker's Secret," &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The American Card Player. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

Athletic Sports for Boys. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

The Book of Household Pets, and How to Manage Them. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The National Cook Book. By a Lady of Philadelphia, a practical housewife. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Utterly Wrecked. A Novel. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps," &c. Published by the American News Company, New York.

English Composition and Rhetoric. A Manual. By Alexander Bain, M. A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

☞ One day last week a drunken man walking along Main street, in Saco, dropped from his mouth a piece of cracker which he was eating, and a little dog belonging to William Rhodes immediately ate it, and in less than an hour swelled up and died. The fact is vouched for by several gentlemen knowing the circumstance.

☞ The Weight of the World.—People who are curious about statistics will be gratified to know that a savan has recently calculated the weight of the world to be a number of tons represented by the numerals, 1,256,195,070,000,000,000,000,000.

☞ Miss Mary Bella Quinn recently went before the Mayor of Harrisburg, Penn., and stated that she was the daughter of a physician in Logansville, Ind., but that she wished him to place her out of harm's way, as she was laboring under an uncontrolable impulse to murder others. At the same time she took a package of strychnine from her stocking and handed it over to an officer. She was committed for thirty days. The young lady is described as of pleasing appearance and unusually intelligent.

☞ A San Francisco paper says there are seventy-five thousand coolies in California; and that they are a demoralizing blight to any community in which they are domiciled. It says, "they are filthy, thievish and infamously vile."

☞ The usual mode by which porcelain teeth are now manufactured consists in combining certain mineral substances, such as quartz, feldspar, Kaolin clay, &c., in due proportions, which are ground, mixed, and rendered plastic by the addition of water, then moulded or carved to represent the teeth, and solidified in a furnace with intense heat.

☞ A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her: "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse," said the other, starting; "do you not know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do; but as it's never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

☞ Needle Guns.—If the foreign journals speak aright, Beauregard is no friend to the needle gun. He is reported to have told the French Emperor, at an interview not long ago, that the needle gun was a "humbug," and that the rebel armies had fought against much more effective weapons in the hands of the Union troops. Beauregard says the United States produces the best guns known; and whilst the Prussian needle gun had a range of but 400 yards, the Austrians, armed with American guns, could have mowed the Prussians at a much longer range. Beauregard is reported to have said that it was not the superior Prussian guns, but the inferior Austrian generalship, that gave Prussia the victory.

☞ A woman, with a child in her arms, jumped from a train of cars one night last week, near Waterloo, Ind., the train going at the rate of 15 miles per hour. Learning that she had passed the station at which she wished to stop, she seized her child, stepped upon the platform and jumped off. As soon as possible the train was backed up, and the woman was found standing where she landed from the train, between two large heaps of ties, not in the least injured. Learning that she was safe, the conductor started his train westward, and the woman walked back to Waterloo.

☞ An "old observer" informs the Maine Farmer that apples and pumpkins never flourish well the same year.

Scriptural Language.

One of the religious papers, the Boston "Christian Secretary," gives the following interesting facts:—

"It is an interesting fact of which we are just here reminded, that the Greek word which in our New Testament is rendered 'salvation,' as also the corresponding Latin word, really signifies *health*. Thus when Paul, in Acts 27: 34, says to his fellow-voyagers 'This is for your *health*,' he uses the very term which Jude employs in writing of 'the common *salvation*,' (i.e. 'the common health,') and the same by which Paul again defines the Gospel in Eph. 1: 13 and elsewhere, as 'the Gospel of your salvation.' The Gospel, properly understood, is *the Gospel of our health*, and unquestionably if men (and by all means women) would obey the Gospel 'in their *bodies*' as well as 'in their spirits, which are God's,' this characteristic of the Gospel would be verified in their whole experience. If they would moderate and control their appetites and passions as the Great Physician prescribes—if they would live 'in simplicity' as well as 'in godly sincerity,' throwing off and courageously resisting the wretched tyranny of the world's fashions, even as the Gospel demands, 'Be not conformed to this world,' it would be to them 'the Gospel of health' indeed, for this world as well as for that which is to come. Is it not the duty of Christian men and women to give attention to this matter, and inaugurate and prosecute a *sanitary* as well as a moral reform for themselves and for their race? 'Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance;' which we beg leave to render, upon the authority of good scholars as well as good theologians, 'fruits answerable to amendment of life.'"

Intemperance in Wine Countries.

Here is more testimony to the effect that there is drunkenness in wine countries. Dr. Baird, who knew the state of society in Europe better than almost any other American, testified that there was more drunkenness in European nations than in the United States.

The Duke of Orleans told Mr. Delavan that the greatest wretchedness existed in the wine districts of France.

J. Fenimore Cooper said: "I came to France under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us than in any other country, England perhaps excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely."

A magazine called The Work a day World of France says: "Drunkenness is the beginning and end of life in the great French industrial centres. Against this vice what can the salaries of women and children do? The woman's labor helps the drunken husband on his way to ruin. The child is born with disease in his bones and with evil example before him.

"There are manufacturing towns (Lisle for instance) where it is estimated that 25 out of every 100 men and 12 out of every 100 women are confirmed drunkards."

The Count de Montalembert said in the French National Assembly in 1850: "Where there is a wine shop there are the elements of disease, and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interests of the workman."

Probabilities of Marrying.—From twenty to twenty-six and from twenty-five to thirty the probability of widowers marrying in a year is nearly four times as great as that of bachelors. At thirty it is nearly four times as great; from thirty to forty-five it is nearly five times as great, and it increases, until at sixty the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is also curious to remark how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and solitary condition; and on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of thirty the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a more rapid ratio. The probability at thirty-five is not much more than half that at thirty, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

The Caprice of Fashion.—Lyons, France, is in distress, because the world no longer buys her figured silks. In 1858 she exported $17,000,000 worth, but in 1865 she exported but $2,000,000, and this year but $1,400,000. Her people, thrown out of employment on account of the caprice of fashion, are in a condition of extreme suffering. Having exhausted all the charity of her own people, Lyons begs the world to return to its former tastes and wear again the figured silks. This is echoed in Paris, and that the ladies there, who lead the world, can resist the tale of woe from their suffering countrymen and women is scarcely to be supposed. Their journals urge a return to the figured silks, and Eugenie's dressmaker will probably settle the question by going back to the styles of the last decade.

Insects Fabricators of Iron.—It is well known that some insects are skillful spinners, but it is not known that some of them fabricate iron. A Swedish naturalist, Sjogreen, has published a curious memoir on this subject. The insects in question are almost microscopic; they live beneath certain trees, especially in the province of Smaland, and they spin, like silk worms, a kind of ferruginous cocoons, which constitute the mineral known under the name of "lake ore," and which is composed of from 20 to 60 per cent. of oxide of iron, mixed with oxide of manganese; 10 per cent. of chlorie, and some centimetres of phosphoric acid. The deposits of this mineral may be 215 yards long and from 18 to 30 inches thick.

Home, the Spiritualist.—The last number of the London Athenæum says: "That the most animated gossip of the week, at least in 'spiritual' circles, refers to Mr. Home. An octogenarian lady of spiritualistic tendencies, having been forewarned by her deceased husband of the man and the hour that were to come together for her good, recognized them both in the above demonstrator of spiritualism. The current story adds, that the old lady has transferred much of her large fortune to the gentleman in question, has promised to make over the remainder, and that Mr. Home, becoming the lady's adopted son, will speedily assume the name of Lyon."

☞ It is said that Com. Vanderbilt intends to retire from active business so soon as he obtains a competence. His estate is now estimated at only fifty millions.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

SNOW LINES—GRAIN RANGE—CORN ABOVE THE CLOUDS—CURACOA BLANCO—VICUNA VENISON—DIL PARAVA—COPPER TEA—CHICOGAVIX—PERUVIAN VALHALLA—RECEIVING AN EMPRESS.

As a rule, taking Aconcagua, the monarch of American mountains, as the standard, the snow line is located at an elevation above the sea of about eleven thousand feet. There are, however, frequent, and some singular exceptions to this rule, as at distances not so far north of the snow-capped volcano of Chile that latitudinal difference alone could make the change in temperature, the line of grain and annual plants runs up to an elevation above the snow line of Aconcagua, where only dwarf figs and lichens of the lower order exist. At and for leagues around Potosi, having an elevation two thousand feet above the Aconcaguan winter mark, very good vegetables, several varieties of fruits, and considerable grain, as wheat, barley, and a species of millet, are produced. High up the rugged sides of Illimani and Sorato, corn grows at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea, and on several of the islands in Lake Titticaca, as well as in many parts of the great basin, Indian corn is actually grown at a height but little less than thirteen thousand feet. On the great plains of Cuzco a good deal of corn, and considerable other grain is produced; showing that the inhabitants of those regions above the clouds are not entirely destitute of bread-making material, though bread among these higher classes of the inhabitants of our globe, is by no means the staff of life as it is with the lower orders of humanity.

There is scarcely an article of food, clothing, or of any manner of utility produced and used as a staple in any one country of the world, but has in another its representative or substitute in another form. In many of the elevated Andean regions of Peru and Bolivia, grain bread is represented by loaves, cakes, buns, biscuits, and several other forms, made half from the *Battata colerado*, which imported into the United States would be the Chile Garnet potato, and half from the sweet pith of a species of elder, that grows almost all pith, and that from five to ten feet long, tapering from the size of one to three inches at the butt, to a quarter of an inch at the top. Cutting a section of the shrub, which is straight and without joints, say three feet in length, the thin woody shell may be readily split open from end to end with an ordinary pocket knife, and you have lying full on the "half shell," a clear, delicate white roll of pulp, juicy, a little tart, and sweet enough to be palatable eaten raw.

Mixed and mashed up half and half with the boiled *batata*, the potato boiling dry and mealy, and the *Curacoa blanco* (white heart,) affording sufficient juice to make the combined material into dough without adding water, a very good bread in loaves, a variety of cakes, and several kinds of capital puddings may be made. The only objection I can think of being that we who are such sticklers for color, requiring our bread to be lily white, might demur to the beautifully variegated hues of this upper Andean bread, it being so prettily streaked, striped, mottled and tinted, pink and purple, red and rosy by the purple coloring matter contained in the *batata*.

As there are but very few horned-cattle and fewer hogs found in any of these higher inhabited South American regions, beef and pork are rarely eaten, their place being supplied by excellent mutton, veal of the llama, and more delicate venison of the *vicuna*, a dear little deer; in the days of Peruvian sun worship sacred to that deity, but sacred to nothing now, unless it be to the appetites of lovers of delicious, delicate venison, of which there is an overwhelming majority of all colors and castes.

Another production of these chilly, up-country regions, affords a double, or more properly perhaps, two substitutes, supplying the places of two luxuries grown and much in use in more favored countries. This is a peculiar fruit, most in color and shape like the common black mulberry of the United States, but thicker and considerably longer, being on an average a half inch in diameter and three inches in length. The Peruvians in their Quecche language call the fruit *Dil Parava*, which turned into the nearest possible English, signifies honey fruit; so finding that the Spaniards had no name for the sweet stranger, and our Swedish *savans* declaring that no Christian botanist had ever seen, heard of, or in any manner made mention of the fruit, Dr. Bond proposed an acceptance of the *Quecche* designation. So making a compromise, and Latinizing the fruit a little, we christened it in English the *Melberry*, which all things considered, is probably as appropriate a name as its original one.

It is as sweet as honey almost, with a flavor half way between a delicious blackberry and a very good, ripe cherry. It supplies the place well of all our small fruits, either green, dried, or preserved.

Then the next distinct character of the *Melberry* is a kernel or seed a little less in diameter but longer than a medium groundnut, hard, and white as an eggshell, splitting in two halves lengthwise upon a slight pressure, and being roasted precisely as coffee is, and steeped in the same manner without pulverizing, affords a palatable, wholesome, and moderately exhilerating beverage that would, I believe, become an immense favorite if once introduced in all our fashionable hotels and first-class saloons. It is clear, sparkling, and bright amber-colored, excellent hot, warm, or cold, without milk or sugar, or with either or both, and so like tea, coffee, and chocolate, that it might be drank for either, suiting the tastes of all, and conveniently supplied out of the same pot.

The shrub is of low, straggling growth—nothing graceful or pretty in appearance, but a wonderful bearer; and if it would only grow in the United States and produce as abundantly as we saw it in the cold, highland regions of the Andes, two acres of the *Melberry* in maximum bearing would be a comfortable competence.

I am of the opinion that if the commander of our *National seed store* would dispatch two or three honest, energetic, wide-awake agents to these South American upland regions, commissioned and commanded to investigate, search out, secure and send home to the United States seeds, roots, and scions of all such hardy plants, shrubs, and trees, as may seem suited to our soil and climate, he would be rendering a service to the country of infinitely greater importance than importing Japan lilies, or buying up stale stocks of garden seeds and serving them out in gratuitous packages to Congressmen.

Going back to potatoes and meat, we found a preparation of these two materials very common among all classes of people living high up in the Andes, that pleased us better than any one dish we ever found in South America, or than I individually have ever found anywhere else on earth or at sea. The unanimous verdict of our entire party was that we should prefer it as a single dish diet to anything else we had ever seen or heard of. In this manner, the Peruvian *puro*, cholos, peons, and Spanish Peruvians in all the Bolivian and Peruvian Andes prepare *Chicogavix*.

First they take the flesh of the llama or vicuna partly jerked, and after par-boiling until about half cooked, shred it finer than mince meat; then boil the white potato, identical with the new "Cuzco" that we are beginning to grow in this country, peel, after boiling thoroughly, mash up in a mortar until the potato is an impalpable paste; then add to it an equal weight or measure of the shred meat, and to that a fresh egg to each pound, then salt to season suitably, and mash all up together until thoroughly incorporated, when the mass is either baked as bread, thinned and fried as griddle cakes, boiled or baked as puddings, and almost universally used as stuffing for kid llamas, vicunas, lambs, and fowls, prepared for roasting.

Better than all these, the *Chicogavix* spread out in thin cakes and thoroughly dried, either in the sun or by a moderate fire, and being properly cared for afterwards, will keep, I believe, an ordinary life time, and is always *semper paratus* for soups, stews, stuffing, bread, cakes, pot-pies, or, as the Spaniards say, "*Qual cousa quero*," by simply soaking a few minutes in tepid water. For the benefit of North American housewives and all lovers of something good to eat, I beg to observe that I have frequently manufactured the material here in the United States, only substituting tender veal, young lamb or chicken for Vicuna or llama kid, and made from it all the dishes we saw in the Andean regions, and so far as I am competent to decide, equally good.

Enough for this once of cookery and botany, and having left westward in our rear the last trace of even semi-civilization as it pertains to the Caucasian race, let us have a brief interview and an incident of our acquaintance with an unadulterated community, descended in pure blood from the ancient race that were once masters of Peru the magnificent.

Almost at the western base of Illimani, down into a tropical temperature again, ten thousand feet lower than the surface of the elevated plateau over which we had been wandering, we came to a very lovely valley, verdant and fruitful, where once more we breathed the perfume of orange groves and myriads of magnificent flowers, and saw growing great purple figs, blushing peaches, pine apples, plantains, bananas, and every variety of tropical fruit, while along the margin of a beautiful stream that wandered with gentle current through the valley, waved fields of rice, maize and millet, and back on the gently sloping hills grazed herds of sheep, llamas and vicunas, and here and there from out the green foliage peeped white walls and fire-red roofs of modest little houses, so unlike the heavy, clumsy architecture of civilized South America, borrowed from the Moors in Spain more than fourteen hundred years ago, that this feature alone was sufficient assurance that we had fallen at last upon an Andean *Valhalla*, where dwelt the native Peruvians of Inca lineage, free from the contamination and vice always born of contact with the Christian Spaniard.

Entering the valley diagonally from the westward, we rode towards a thicker gathering of houses that made a respectable little town, located on the hither bank of the stream, and centrally situated as to the length and breath of the valley. Our advent into the outskirts of the village was made at high noon, and the entire population were at their devotions in and around their sacred sun-temple—not quite so imposing, certainly, as had been those mighty structures dedicated to the great source of light, reared at Cuzco, Toombar, and on the sacred island of Titticaca, reared by the Inca sovereigns, Monica, Atalpa and Hahuac.

Not wishing to disturb the noonday worship, we remained quietly in saddle a little way from the temple until the brief ceremonies of their every day adoration of the sun were concluded, when being discovered and suspected of being strangers, of the Spanish race that they hated, there was at first great surprise, some consternation and timid dread; but being assured of our peaceful intentions and friendship by Dona Minnie, who had so diligently improved her opportunities that her knowledge of the *Quecche* dialect was almost equal to the most learned pundit among them, they gathered about us demonstratively, and began to give us a welcome as cordial and honest in them as it was novel, ludicrous and laughable to us.

Men who passed for "pale faces" they had certainly seen a few of before, white men of the dingy, Spanish American type, the color of a new saddle, but a white woman, such as ours, they had never before set eyes on, and having vividly in mind through their traditionary legends a picture of their ancestral empress, the lovely *Thayandega* of immortal birth, a white woman, brought from the depths of the crystal lakelet that still bears her name, by her Inca husband, *Aquilima*, Peru's first Inca, naturally enough they mistook our pretty senoras for naiads or nymphs of immortal origin, and Dona Minnie, whom they had heard address them so correctly in their native *Quecche*, as the loved empress of their early ancestors, returned to earth from the realms of the sun, rejuvenated, to resume the sovereignty of Peru, and restore it to its ancient grandeur and prosperity.

Many vicissitudes of Bohemian life and exposure to storm and sunshine had so swarthed the complexion of the fairest of our fair companions, that they would scarcely have passed for blondes in any northern market. Nevertheless they were so much whiter than the brown, dusky daughters of the ancient Incas, or anything of womankind our new acquaintances had ever seen, that it was nothing strange they should mistake them for beautiful immortals, fresh and fair, from the realms of their tutelar deity, and we their hirsute, panchoed and brigand-looking *companieros*, as a guard of honor sent by the Sun to escort the empress and her mounted maids of honor down from the sky to their terrestrial heritage.

Thus impressed, solemn and silent, with bared and bowed heads, the obsequious priests reverentially approached the stirrup of their benign empress, and kneeling almost in contact with the hoofs, four of the venerable *Varas* formed themselves into a quartette *Laocoon*, covering their crowns, laid close together, with their interlocked hands—a fifth made a bench of himself by going on his hands and knees, while another formed the lower step by placing himself on his face flat on the ground, and thus Madam Cosmo came from saddle to terra firma in three steps over such a horse block as no real empress on earth was ever provided with.

The maids of honor and we of the escort were less ceremoniously, but most respectfully assisted from the saddle, and as soon as we could sober ourselves down into becoming seriousness, we set about undeceiving the simple Peruvians by assuring them that we were neither immortals, empresses, maids of honor, or mounted messengers from the sun; but simply men and women—like themselves mortal—an itinerant company, male and female, made up of divers nationalities, our mission being "good-will to men" and sight-seeing generally.

So far as we of the masculine persuasion were concerned, we had no great difficulty in convincing the Peruvians that we were what we were; but they were slow of belief in regard to our fair companions, and some of their amusing ideas and conceptions in regard to them will necessitate the telling of another "little story."

BE TRUE.

BY H. BONAR, D. D.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of hearts
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts,
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Foolish Newspaper Writers in Paris.

A silly quarrel between the writers on the *Liberté* and the *Opinion Nationale* about which Paris has recently been laughing has just had a serious termination. M. de Girardin happens to be, for some reason or other, particularly obnoxious to M. Sarcey, a well-known critic and dramatist. It was M. Sarcey (Sarcey, by the way, isn't a bad name for a dramatic critic) who took his latch-key with him to the theatre in order to *siffler* M. de Girardin's play, "Les Deux Sœurs," more emphatically; and a week or so since he declared in one of his contributions to the *Opinion Nationale* that M. de Girardin's new journal was very stupid and ill-managed. It may not be desirable that journalists should indulge in such direct personal attacks upon each other, but it is difficult to see why a criticism which would be allowable (however unsound) in regard to a play or a book should be deemed so unwarrantable when applied to a newspaper as to necessitate a duel. Such, however, was the opinion of the staff of the *Liberté*. They accepted the offensive remarks as directed against themselves as a whole, and as M. de Girardin, who objects to duelling on principle, would not go out, one of his young collaborateurs was chosen by lot to demand satisfaction on the part of the rest. M. Sarcey declared that his remarks applied only to M. de Girardin, and offered to say so in the *Opinion Nationale*. This being rejected by the other side, M. Sarcey and M. Pessard met at Vincennes, stripped for the contest, and were standing sword in hand, when one of M. Sarcey's seconds declared that, as his principal had no cause of quarrel with M. Pessard, he would fight him only as the representative of M. de Girardin. M. Pessard's seconds protested against the interruption, and when the duel was postponed declared in the *Liberté* that M. Sarcey and his friends had behaved in a cowardly manner in fastening an insult to their journal upon the only man connected with it who would not fight. This provoked another encounter between M. Sarcey and M. Clement Duvernois (one of the seconds in the preceding affair), in which the former received a sword-thrust in the face close upon the eye, so that he was blinded with blood. This terminated the meeting, and the seconds proclaim officially that the honor of all parties is satisfied. Only, after all, this does not prove that M. de Girardin's newspaper is not what M. Sarcey alleges. It is stated that M. Arnould of the *Opinion Nationale* afterwards challenged M. Clement Duvernois; but the parties sensibly concluded to spill their ink instead of their highly-tempered blood.

☞ A HORSE STORY.—In Paris some ingenious person is reported to have invented a mechanical horse, which is said to be the equal in all respects of the live animal. The only thing that prevents this mechanical contrivance from being introduced into general use is its cost, $10,000.

☞ FLANNEL BELTS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—The Minister of War has just issued orders for belts of this kind to be supplied to the whole of the French army. They are to be worn next the skin, with the expectation that they will protect and keep warm the abdomen and loins.

☞ THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—We announced a day or two ago, that the house in which General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House last year was for sale. It is owned by a Major William McLean, and among the strange coincidences produced by the war is the fact that the land on which the battle of Bull Run was fought, is owned by the same person. This, the first battle of the war, drove Major McLean from his farm to Appomattox, and now he wishes to sell the latter place, in order to return to Bull Run.

☞ Mr. Peabody has wisely given away very nearly three millions of dollars.

☞ The "king of pumpkins" was crowned at the Central Market, in Paris, last month. The royal vegetable weighed 258 pounds, and measured 10 feet 4 inches in circumference.

☞ An English patent has been obtained for the direct reproduction of drawings, tracings and engravings, the original light and shade not being reversed, as in the ordinary process.

☞ Rev. Timothy P. Gillette died in Branford, Conn., on Monday, at the age of 86. He was settled over the Congregational Church in Branford in 1808, and has continued uninterruptedly its pastor to the time of his death. He was through life a popular and useful clergyman, and leaves a very large property, the accumulation mainly by a life of economy. His salary at no time ever exceeded $600 per annum and his estate will equal $100,000.

An Autumn Trip.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY DEAR POST—As it is your pleasure and bounden duty to keep your readers—(may their names be legion)—*posted* in all the pleasantest, and most profitable, modes of passing their time, and spending their money,—I am fain to give them a hint of my own experience in both, from which they may take example—if they will.

We were surprised to find that our own fancy of travelling in the autumn, and 'biding at home in summer—seemed this year to have been the choice of many besides ourselves—at least we judged so, by the hosts of pleasure parties we met between Philadelphia and Wheeling; and of all pleasures, a trip along the "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," at this season of the year is certainly the most charming and attractive.

Beauties start up upon every hand, points of interest and sad remembrances are as thickly strewn along its track as stars upon a summer sky. All the portion of Virginia through which this roads runs, has become historic ground: poor, tried and blood-stained Virginia! To many a sorrowing heart, North and South, she has become indeed a "sacred soil," like Northern Italy to the Old she has become the battle-field of the New World, in vexed and passionate struggle so lately over,—and her ground is thickly studded with new-made, hero graves.

Last year, you will remember, I was entranced with the beauties and improvements of the "Pennsylvania Central;" the "Logan House" at Altoona; the "work-shops," and the coal mines. This year my heart is divided—and I know not which I delight in most, my "royal road to the mountains," or this magnificent south-western route that leads everywhere—yes, literally, everywhere—for there is nowhere East, or West, or North, or South, that it does not seem to go, "direct."

We started one summer-like day from Philadelphia to Baltimore, along the well-known—and well-conducted road, that in every Washington visit, has done its duty by us, to the fullest extent. It seemed like an old day come back, to choose a comfortable seat in the cars at Broad and Prime, and be whirled in "double-quick" to Baltimore—the beautiful old Monumental city.

As there is but the one way, and one must per-force walk (or ride) therein, it is a blessing that it is a good and carefully conducted railroad that lies between Philadelphia and Baltimore. And indeed there is nothing to wish for, on this much frequented highway between the Capital of the Nation and its great metropolis.

Of the city of Baltimore, with its monuments, and churches, especially its famous Cathedral, I should like to write an whole, long letter, we found so much to see and enjoy.

And for the "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," I would desire to say all good things that can be thought—for it deserves them all—and more than I can possibly say.

In the first place the cars are palatial—and as I have before remarked, go everywhere (terrestrial!) And through such a wilderness of beauty, and over historic ground—the memory of which quickens the patriotic blood, that does flow, spite of everything—somewhere in every human *corpus*.

Just outside of the city we cross the Carrolton Viaduct, a granite-bridge, with an arch of eighty feet, spanning Gwynn's Falls. Then we pass deep ravines, and more bridges until at the "Relay House"—famous during the war—there begins an array of rocks—the gorge of the Patapsco River. Then more viaducts, and more deep, terrifying ravines and precipices. Thence we pass by the Monocacy, and the "Point of Rocks" through the most beautiful lime-stone country conceivable. From the breccia marble found here, the handsome columns in the "Senate" and "House," at Washington, have been constructed, we were told.

From the "Point of Rocks," which is at the base of the Catoctin Mountain, to Harper's Ferry, the difficulties of laying such a road strike one as appalling. At the latter place, and on for miles, the road lies at the foot of a precipice, above it tower the lofty heights of Elk Mountain. The scenery at this point is beyond all description. From Harper's Ferry, so celebrated in the early days of the rebellion, to Fort Fredrin, the road, through an open country, leaves the beautiful Potomac—but here it clasps hands with it again. Then growing smaller it becomes the Savage river, but still the road dances on, unmolested and uncaringly, up a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. Grand and solemn, the dark masses of the forest show against the sky, but gloriously verdant—every tree a living beauty; the hickories glowing in golden orange; the maples, some mottled, some crimson; the gums and dogwood, a perfect flame of scarlet; the ash and oak, the linden and elms, the walnut and chestnut, all throwing their gorgeously tinted banners to the breeze. No shade, or hue, from russet brown to orange, from wine colored maroon to the most brilliant scarlet, from green of an olive darkness to a silvery tinge, was wanting. The glory of the year was upon the mountain lands. The brave, old, stalwart frost-king, like another Marc Antony, had gone forth, and meeting, clasped the queenly month October in a fond embrace, and decked her with the rarest and fairest, the brightest and gayest attire, that golden purpleness could produce. And she, like the beautiful swarthy Egypt, wove her garland with a sensuousness of languor, a dazzling radiance, that entranced the every sense of the beholders—and left them pale and beauty surfeited, as after some high revelry or masquerade.

The ascent of the Alleghany along the Savage river, is positively intimidating in its giddy appearance, yet such is the perfect sense of security induced by the evident order and system of the whole road, that the most timid cease to feel fear, even while clambering the dizzy height which brings us to Altamont, two thousand seven hundred feet above tide-water. It is in this vicinity, that the waters in the mountain streams divide, and flow—one part to the Atlantic ocean, the other to the Gulf of Mexico—never to meet again until perchance as rain-drops in the far blue ether.

Then comes the wonderful and beautiful "Cheat river region." The river itself, a rapid mountain stream, is of a dark mahogany color; tinged thus, it is supposed, by the hemlocks, laurels and black spruce, whose roots lie along its borders, and who toss into its bosom their wealth of leaves.

At the base of the Cranberry grade is a viaduct, composed of two spans of iron, roofed in on abutments, and a pier of solid freestone. From this point the grand and bold scenery of the Cheat River Valley bursts upon the view. It is said to be unsurpassed by anything else on the continent that has yet been tamed by man, or laid bare to use and custom by railroads. However this may be, it fairly takes one's breath away. For miles the road clings to the huge cliffs along the steepest mountain side, and like Mahomet's coffin, we seem to hang, twixt heaven and earth. How any one could conceive the possibility of laying a road through this magnificently varied and broken region is beyond anything else the most wonderful. And the results! The marvellous triumph of man's intellect and industry over material and seemingly insurmountable obstacles is amazing indeed. In one place a river is spanned, another a mountain is scaled; again, some deep ravine is filled, like, for instance, the one at a point called Kyer's Run, which, seventy-six feet deep, is crossed by a solid embankment. Then the road is cut away and levelled like a plane, as at Buckeye Hollow, which is one hundred feet below the level of the road; and instantly after we reach the bridge thrown across "Treny Run," an hundred and fifty feet above its original bed, six hundred feet long, laid on massive beds of masonry, built upon the rocks below. There is a precipice just here which overhangs the river three hundred feet below it.

Can it be possible, think you, that anything among the Alps, even the pass of the Grand Chartreuse itself, can eclipse this wonderful scenic panorama? I do not think it possible.

Then we here touch the great coal fields of the Alleghanies, which are so prolific and so wonderful in Pennsylvania. At last, we reach the great Kingwood Tunnel, 4,100 feet long, the cost of which was three years' labor, with a million of dollars to pay for it. We were told that 200,000 cubic yards of rock and earth were removed in constructing the "tunnel."

From the top of this great elevation, one of the ranges of the Alleghany whose wall of seemingly impassable rock the "tunnel" penetrates, and which is called by the absurd and unmeaning name of "Cranberry Summit," and is the summit level of the entire range, the whole western land, it is a gradual descent until we reach the Mississippi. Then come more tunnels and more viaducts, until Wheeling, another dirty, smoky counterpart of Pittsburg is reached.

Of the thousand beauties, glimpses of paradisic loveliness and of wonderful achievements, of which I have made no mention, you can form no idea. From Baltimore to Wheeling is one huge, unparalleled astonishment, ever renewed.

And then, apart from its scenic and picturesque beauty and its marvellousness from a scientific point of view, there is the grave, stern, sad history, past and present, that enshrouds the whole of this great, throbbing artery, history not its own, but which belongs by sad right to the nation.

Here in the old days of the country, which are not old days after all, a myriad of stirring scenes were enacted by the heroes of colonial and revolutionary times. Legends and wild stories cling like ivy to the very rocks and clefts of Virginia hereabouts.

And in these later days the heart sickens to remember the brave, true hearts whose life blood soaked the earth, whose bright eyes darkened to death, whose white faces turned to the sod in an agony of suffering, and who, down among these very trees, with the mosses and lichens for a couch, or perhaps, God help them, on the bare and sterile rock, with the hot sun scorching them, groaned life away.

But wonderful change, where a little while ago the alarm of war, the roar and thunder of battle raged, all is now peace and quietness, and let us hope some meed of happiness. For over the hardest trials there comes at last to grow a calm, and the seams and scars of an old agony are healed, and flowers grow therein, pansies and violets, or as poor daft Ophelia sings:

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance—and there's pansies, that's for thoughts."

Thoughts, sad but sweet of the hero dead, and laurel and brave evergreens for their enduring crowns. So God give them rest, yonder in old Virginia, which has become indeed God's acre.

MARGARET FIELD.

A NOVEL BOAT.—There is at present on one of the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne a boat that moves about without either steam, sails, or any other visible means of propulsion. The power employed is that of electricity, which, by an ingenious contrivance, communicates a rotary motion to a pair of paddle-wheels. The experiment is curious enough; but, unfortunately, the principle cannot as yet receive a practical application, because it would not pay. An electric pile consumes just as many kilogrammes of zinc per hour and per horse power as a steam engine kilogrammes of coal, so that the electric system would be about thirty times dearer than steam.

MADAME RISTORI'S EARNINGS.—It is announced that Ristori's theatrical success in America has been almost without precedent. She made her first appearance in New York on the evening of September 20th, and the receipts of twenty-six representations in that city and Brooklyn were $70,000. She has since given in Boston ten representations, and one in Providence, the receipts being $30,000, making $100,000 paid to see her perform in a foreign language during a period of little more than seven weeks.

☞ An Irishman at Davenport, England, has been sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment for kissing a young married woman against her will.

☞ THE COTTON PICKING MACHINE.—Accounts from Memphis report that this invention promises to be a great success, and that the new "cotton picker" is a machine based upon the wagon principle, having two wheels which move the machinery, consisting of cylinders of brushes and fine teeth.

☞ Two millions and a half of human beings—men, women and children—have perished in Orissa, one of the most populous districts in India, from absolute hunger.

☞ A man in Mobile committed suicide to escape the annoyance of mosquitoes.

☞ Last year 400,255 vessels cleared and entered the ports of Great Britain, and only one per cent. of this great multitude were wrecked.

☞ DIVORCE.—In the Legislature of the state of Vermont a bill has just been passed, making habitual drunkenness a sufficient cause for divorce. The drunkenness must be of two years' duration previous to the filing of the libel.

☞ Alexander Dumas the elder, returning from a day's sport at the country seat of a friend with a perfectly empty game-bag, was asked: "Well, Dumas, what have you killed?" "Time," was the quiet reply.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 20 inches long by 30 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - - $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)	$20.00
4 " - - - - - -	6.00	20 " " " "	28.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8.00	28 " " " "	35.00
8 " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend	4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth - - -	$3.00
" 2.	For 8 "	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth - - -	7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth - - -	10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth - - -	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth - - - -	12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth - - - -	12.00
" 4.	For 12 "	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth - - - -	14.00
" 5.	For 16 "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - - -	20.00
" 6.	For 20 "	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth - - - -	25.00
" 7.	For 24 "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - - -	30.00
" 8.	For 32 "	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth - -	35.00
" 9.	For 30 "	2.50	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth - -	55.00
" 10.	For 40 "	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth -	80.00
" 11.	For 50 "	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth - - - -	75.00
" 12.	For 50 "	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth - -	80.00
" 13.	For 50 "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75 "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth	110.00
" 15.	For 75 "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth - - - - - - - - - -	110.00
" 16.	For 200 "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth - - - - - -	200.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the articles in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 16 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

No. 10. There are *six* pieces in this set. A *Coffee-Pot, two Tea-Pots, a Creamer, Sugar* and *Slop Bowls*. Silver Plated on the best White Metal, they have all the beauty of solid silver, and are now used in the very best families. The pattern is a beautiful one—and altogether this is a most desirable Premium. The set will be boxed carefully, and shipped from the manufacturer by railroad or express, as desired.

No. 11. This is a Lady's Fine Gold Lever Watch—in a hunting (or closed) case, beautifully enamelled, and with excellent works. A splendid Premium, to be obtained by a little exertion. A school might make up a list, and get a Silver or Gold Watch as a Christmas or New Year's present for the teacher.

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THE PEACHES.

When summer flowers begin to fade,
And summer leaves begin to fall
One here, one there: in juicy strength,
The peaches redden on the wall.
And so, indeed, hot youth being past,
Our lives should show their fruit fall fast.

The peaches redden on the wall,
Hiding in hollow cells of green,
Where plaited leaves hang thick about,
And scarce permit them to be seen.
And so, in truth, good deeds should be
Concealed in sweet humility.

The peaches redden on the wall,
Close set upon low branching trees;
And any hand may easy touch
The gifts that the eye easy sees.
And so with us, 'tis well for each
To keep within the other's reach.

The peaches redden on the wall:
They take the kisses of the sun,
The joy-tears of the flying cloud,
The darkness when the day is done.
And thus, well used, the changing hour
Will help us to a larger power.

The peaches redden on the wall,
To drop when chilly winds shall blow;
But careful hands are swift to stay
Their fragrant lives from ending so.
And surely thus a Hand will save
The good from falling in the grave.

The peaches redden on the wall—
But look up higher overhead,
Where all the vastness of the sky
With faintest, calmest blue is spread.
And what is that from where we stand
But blue mist hiding Fatherland?

The peaches redden on the wall,
Though night's dark curtain drips with dew;
The white stars show themselves, and shine
Through mounded cloud and hovering blue.
And oh, to feel "past fruit and tree,
The Lights of Home shine forth for me!"

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY SPENCELAUGH'S APPEAL.

"Her ladyship's compliments, and she will be glad to see you in her dressing-room after breakfast, if you will kindly go as far."

Thus one of the Belair Abigails to Miss Spencelaugh, the morning after Frederica's visit to Grellier's almshouses. More strongly convinced than ever that John English's narrative was based upon truth, and that for her there was now no going back from the cause she had taken in hand, Frederica had pondered through a sleepless night, questioning herself as to what her next step ought to be. She had at last decided to send Lady Spencelaugh a copy of John's Statement, together with a supplement embodying the further information given by Jane Garrod, and the result of Frederica's own visit to the almshouses; with a request that her Ladyship would throw some light upon that portion of the narrative which seemed to inculpate her in some mysterious way, and to mix up her name in a nefarious transaction, of the workings of which she might, after all, be in utter ignorance. In any case, Frederica decided that she would take no unfair advantage of Lady Spencelaugh: every particular of the case as known to herself should be made known to her Ladyship also. But this request for a personal interview changed Frederica's decision. "I will see her, and tell her everything," she said to herself. "A few simple words of explanation from her may show how entirely innocent she is of any complicity in this dark plot. I pray Heaven that it may prove so!"

"My dear Frederica, this is really very kind of you," said Lady Spencelaugh, with a languid smile, as she extended the tips of her fingers to Miss Spencelaugh. "My nerves are very variable this weather, and I did not feel equal to the task of looking you up in your own rooms. You have breakfasted of course?—Yes. How I wish that I possessed your energetic habits, and talent for early rising. It is a talent, dear, depend upon it, that of getting up early these dark, cold mornings. But sit down, pray. Not so far off. That is better. I want to have a cozy chat with you this morning. And yet how to begin?—Ah, I see your eyes are taking in the pattern of that embroidery.—Quite new, I assure you. Clotilde did it. She is certainly clever with her needle; but in some things, a pig—yes, *cara mia*, an absolute pig. But her accent is good: I am ready to admit that: good, that is to say, for a person in her position."

Although the day was still young, Lady Spencelaugh had been carefully made up, and looked very fresh and charming in her demi-toilet, as she dawdled with her dry toast and chocolate. Frederica wondered in her own mind what her aunt's long preface would lead to: generally speaking, her Ladyship was rigidly polite, and as sparing of words as the occasion would admit of in her intercourse with Miss Spencelaugh.

"You know, dear, I am much older than you," resumed her Ladyship, a little diffidently; "and you must allow me for once to use a matronly privilege, and give you a little wholesome advice."

"Go on, please," said Frederica, with a haughty little bend of the head.

"I have lately been informed—how, it matters not," continued her Ladyship, "that for a short time past you have been mixing yourself up in the affairs of a certain Mr. English, a wandering photographer, whom Sir Philip was so injudicious as to ask here to dinner once or twice. I do not seek to know your reasons for doing this, my dear child: that you had some reasons, I will at once assume: but however strong they may have seemed to you, *I* have every reason to believe that you have been imposed on; and in any case, for you to go roaming about the country, looking after this young man's affairs, is, to say the least of it, both unladylike and ridiculous. Excuse me, dear, if in the excitement of the moment I use strong language, but really the case seems to me one which demands a strong remedy. The health of Sir Philip, as you are aware, is too precarious for him to be troubled with such details; and this being the case, I consider myself as being in some measure his delegate, and assume an authority in speaking to you which on any other occasion I should be sorry to exercise."

"Pray, make no excuse on that score," said Frederica, coldly. "But before deciding that I have been either unladylike or ridiculous, would it not be well to inquire more particularly into the nature of the business which has made me appear either one or the other in your Ladyship's eyes?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Spencelaugh, hastily. "I have no wish to know more of this wretched matter than I know already."

"But I think it highly necessary that your Ladyship should at least know as much of the case as I do. When you sent for me, I was about to copy out a certain Statement which is in my possession, and send the copy to you, together with the outline of certain other facts with which I have become acquainted."

"I am very glad you did no such thing," said her Ladyship, warmly.

"Let me at least fetch the Statement, and read it to you."

"Certainly not: I should consider myself degraded by listening to such a farrago of nonsense."

"Your Ladyship cannot know how serious are the interests involved, or you would not speak thus."

"I know quite sufficient already, and I have set my face against knowing more. I know that this man—this John English, as he calls himself—has put forward some preposterous claim by which he seeks to make people believe that he is a great man who has been defrauded out of his rights. I know further, and from reliable sources, that he is a common swindler and impostor; and that this is neither the first nor the second occasion that he has striven to make himself out as a scion of some family of position; and at the present time, as you yourself are no doubt aware, he is not to be found—no one knows whither he has gone. Is it not so?"

"It is," said Frederica, a little shaken.

"But you don't know the reason of his sudden disappearance," went on her Ladyship. "Well, I happen to be in a position to enlighten you. He fled to avoid being arrested and brought to account for his previous impostures. I think he is too wary ever to show his face in this part of the country again; but should he do so, and I become aware of it, I shall certainly have him apprehended as a notorious swindler."

Frederica was staggered. The audacity of Lady Spencelaugh verged on the sublime; but her Ladyship's tone, bold as it was, was wanting in sincerity, and carried no conviction to her listener's heart.

"If you would but allow me to tell you all that I know of this matter!" said Frederica, in a voice of genuine entreaty.

"Certainly not, Frederica; and I am astonished, after what I have said to you, that you should still persist in such a foolish request. For the heiress of Belair to have her name mixed up in any way with that of this impostor, is a degradation to the family, and one which, were it to reach the ears of Sir Philip, might well, in his delicate state of health, prove fatal to him. Take my advice, my dear child, and have nothing further to do with this man or his affairs. He is trying to compromise your name by trading on your good-nature."

Frederica wrung her hands.

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed. "I know not what to do."

"Do? Why, take my advice, of course," said Lady Spencelaugh, "and don't allow yourself to appear any further in this wretched business."

Frederica sat in painful silence for a few moments, watched eagerly by Lady Spencelaugh.

"No," she said at length, as she rose from her chair, while a deep flush overspread her face; "no, I cannot think that Mr. English is an impostor. I believe him to be as true and loyal a gentleman as ever breathed. Mistaken he may be, but not intentionally so, I am sure. That he will some day come back, if alive, I fully believe. Meanwhile, I will comply with your Ladyship's wishes in one respect; I will take no further steps in this matter personally, but will put it at once into the hands of Mr. Penning, my lawyer, and leave him to deal with it in whatever way he may think best."

With a little tremulous cry, Lady Spencelaugh started forward from her easy, lounging posture.

"Frederica Spencelaugh, you will do no such thing!" she exclaimed. "Do you want to kill your uncle, rash girl? and such a scandal would kill him."

"It is too late now for me to go back," said Frederica, sadly. "The task was not of my seeking; but now that it has been given me to do, I dare not shrink from it till I arrive at the truth. Oh, dear Lady Spencelaugh, pray believe me when I say—"

She stopped suddenly, affrighted at the strange look on the face of the woman before her. Her Ladyship's mask was pushed aside for a moment, and the lurking fiend behind peeped out in all his native hideousness.

"Am I, then, to understand that it is your fixed determination not to give this matter up?" asked Lady Spencelaugh, in a tone of ice.

Frederica bowed her head, but did not speak. Lady Spencelaugh touched the small, silver gong at her elbow.

"The door, for Miss Spencelaugh," she said to Clotilde. Frederica passed out slowly and sorrowfully without another word.

"Let her do her worst," said Lady Spencelaugh to herself, as soon as she was left alone; "I can still defy her—defy all of them. I shall triumph in spite of everything—but at what a terrible cost!"

She took a scrap of paper from her sachet, and opened it. It was the telegram which had been received by the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* on the previous day. Its contents were embodied in one line, and that one line ran as under: "The *Ocean Child* has founded with all on board." Lady Spencelaugh's eyes glittered, and her mouth puckered into an evil smile as she read these words. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," she muttered as she replaced the telegram in her sachet.

The fast afternoon train of that same day bore Frederica Spencelaugh and Jane Garrod swiftly London-ward.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JIM BILLINGS IS WANTED.

Miss Spencelaugh took up her quarters at the house of a friend in Harley street, and was waited upon, the morning after her arrival in town, by Mr. Penning.

A quiet, shrewd, middle-aged gentleman was Mr. Penning; the embodiment of prosaic common-sense; if there were a spark of imagination anywhere about him, he concealed it so carefully from the world that its presence was never suspected.

"Oblige me by reading this paper carefully through," said Frederica as she gave John English's Statement into the lawyer's hands.

Quietly observant of him as he sat opposite to her, Frederica saw his white eyebrows go up several times in the course of the reading, but he said no word till he had mastered the last line; then folding up the document carefully, and allowing his double eye-glass to drop from its resting-place on his nose, he turned a face of mild inquiry on Frederica, and said:—"A singular document, my dear Miss Spencelaugh—a very singular document. Have you any corroborative evidence to offer as to the truth of its statements?"

Frederica gave him an epitome of her visit to Grellier's almshouses, and then called Jane Garrod into the room. Mr. Penning listened attentively to Jane's narrative, and took notes of the chief points.—"This, I presume, completes the case as far as it goes at present?" said the lawyer when Jane had left the room.

Yes, Frederica said, that was all the evidence she had to offer.

"In the present state of this affair," resumed the lawyer, as he saw Frederica's eyes fixed inquiringly on him, "you must please excuse me from offering any opinion as to the value or worthlessness of what I have just heard and read. I have seen so many strange cases in my time which seemed at the first glance to be built up of such strong evidence that it was almost impossible to doubt their validity, and which yet, when they came to be looked into, were found to be utterly worthless, that I have learned at last to doubt everything that is at all out of the common course. There is certainly an air of romance and improbability about Mr. English's Statement; but for all that, it may contain an underlying vein of truth, sufficient to necessitate further investigation. As you tell me that you are determined to go on with the case, I will at once put it (with certain reservations) into the hands of one of my people. The whole affair is certainly complicated by the unexplained absence of Mr. English. Were he here, our first duty would be to ask him to prove his identity with that of the child taken to America by the man Kreefe and his wife, in support of which fact we have nothing at present beyond his bare word. As, however, he is not here, the first point for us to take up is to try and track out this Jim Billings, who is said to be the only person able to throw any light on the parentage of the child taken to White Grange by Mrs. Winch. Mind you, I think the chances of our finding him, even if he be still alive, are very faint indeed. But we will try; and meanwhile, my dear young lady, you must wait patiently till I bring you some news as to the success or non-success of my efforts. One last word at parting—don't be over-sanguine."

The mention of Lady Spencelaugh's name was studiously avoided both by the lawyer and Frederica.

So Jane Garrod went back home, and Miss Spencelaugh waited in Harley street for the news that seemed so long in coming. Three weeks passed away before she saw anything further of Mr. Penning, but at the end of that time he called upon her.

"I always said Meriton was a sharp fellow," he began, after the usual greetings, "and this case proves the truth of my opinion. He has actually hunted down this man Billings, and is watching for him at the present moment, as a terrier watches for a rat, ready to pounce on him the moment he makes his appearance. Excuse the vulgarity of the simile, my dear Miss Spencelaugh, and listen to my explanation.—Meriton ascertained, in the first instance, at which town Billings was convicted, the nature of his sentence, and the date of his departure for Australia. There you would naturally think that all trace of the fellow would cease, at least on this side the water. But not so. Meriton, by some means best known to himself, and with the assistance of his good friends the police, discovered, from some register of such transactions which is kept at head-quarters, that Billings was let loose with a ticket-of-leave before the expiration of his sentence, and came back to this country about eight years ago. Following up the clue thus obtained, Meriton found further, that Billings had not been many weeks in England before he was again convicted on a charge of robbery with violence, and was again sentenced—this time, to ten years' penal servitude. That sentence—reduced by a term of two years—he has been working out at Portland, and it expired a fortnight ago. But, as if it were destined that he should not escape us, Billings is still there, in the infirmary, suffering from a severe accident, which he met with while working in the quarries. Meriton is waiting close at hand, ready to pounce on him the moment he shows his scoundrel's face outside the walls; and if this fellow has any secret worth knowing, Meriton is just the man to twist it out of him. We shall probably have further information in a few days; but don't be over-sanguine, my dear young lady—don't be over-sanguine."

Three days later, Mr. Penning came again, bringing a letter with him. "News at last," he said. "But I had better, perhaps, read Meriton's letter, and enable you to judge of its importance yourself." He adjusted his eye-glass with a little show of importance, and then read as under:

MY DEAR SIR—As my last letter informed you, I have been dawdling away my time here for more than a week, awaiting the discharge of Billings. I had been apprised by a friendly official that he would leave the infirmary this morning, and I took him in tow the moment he was outside the gates. I had secured a snug little place beforehand, where our interview would not be likely to be interrupted. Billings is evidently much reduced by his illness, and therefore perhaps more amenable to my little persuasive ways than he would otherwise have been, which is so far fortunate for us. A more thorough scoundrel I think I never talked to; not that he is by any means unintelligent, or wanting in shrewdness, but in that he is so thoroughly brutalized by the kind of life which his crimes have compelled him to lead. He was suspicious of me from the first moment. "Ah," said he, "such gents as you don't take any interest in coves like me unless you have got some end of your own to serve." "Quite right," I said; "I have got an end to serve, and if you will come quietly with me, I'll tell you what it is." The moment I spoke of White Grange, he started guiltily. Then with a sneer and an oath, he exclaimed: "That's the business you have come about, is it? But you're not going to get anything out of me about White Grange. I've not kept the secret all these years to be carneyed out of it by a white-faced fox like you. I know a trick worth two of that." I really thought at one time that he was going to prove impracticable; but after a good dinner,

followed by an ample supply of old rum and strong tobacco, he became more amenable to reason; and not to trouble you, sir, with useless details, I did actually succeed in talking him over, and in inducing him to see on which side his bread was buttered; and I may be allowed to say that I felicitate myself a little on the victory. The terms are rather high, I must confess, but a lesser figure would have been of no avail. In return, I have obtained full information as to the name and parentage of the child; and Billings has consented to lie quietly by for a few weeks, in case he should be required as a witness. Further details I reserve till I see you: but as you will probably be anxious to know exactly what it is that I have been told, and as I think it hardly advisable to trust such information to this letter, I will telegraph to you in cipher to-morrow morning, half an hour after post-time, as I shall go on from here to Exeter to see Mr. Collinson *re*: the disputed-will case. Yours respectfully, FRANK MERITON.

"You have got the telegram?" said Frederica eagerly when Mr. Penning had finished reading the letter.

"I have," said the old lawyer gravely. He saw that Frederica's eyes were fixed anxiously on him. Writing materials were on the table, so he took a strip of paper, and writing a few words on it, handed it across to Frederica. "That is a copy of Meriton's telegram," he said.

Frederica's cheek grew pale as she read, and next moment tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Penning," she exclaimed, "what terrible mystery is here? My poor dear uncle—"

There was a knock at the door, and a servant entered with a salver, on which lay a strange-looking letter, addressed to Miss Spencelaugh. Frederica opened it. It was another telegram. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh is dying. Come at once."

"Pray Heaven that I be not too late to tell him this strange news!" said Frederica through her tears.

"Better that he should die in ignorance of it, my dear young lady," said the old lawyer gently—"far better that he should die in ignorance of it."

Five hours later, Frederica alighted at the porch of Belair. The housekeeper, with a sorrowful face, was waiting to receive her. "My uncle—" said Frederica, and then she stopped, reading but too clearly in the face of the other the tidings she dreaded to hear.

"Sir Philip died three hours ago," said the housekeeper. "Your name was the last word on his lips." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOWLY.

Some love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noble gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,
Mere Fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.
There's worth as sure 'neath garments poor
As ere adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation.
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.

Astronomical Facts.

The quantity of solar light received at the planet Uranus is 360 times less than that of the earth.

To an inhabitant of Mercury the sun appears seven times larger than it does to us.

If the degree of heat upon the different planets is in proportion to their distance from the sun, the average temperature of Mercury will be 333 degrees, or 121 degrees above boiling water; that of Uranus 123 degrees below the freezing point.

Mercury's density is equal to that of lead, being the densest planet in the system; Saturn, the rarest, has very nearly the density of cork.

It would take Uranus nearly fifteen years to fall to the sun, if left to the force of gravity alone.

Shroeter estimated a mountain upon Venus to be nearly twenty-two miles in height.

A locomotive, moving without intermission, at the rate of 20 miles per hour, would be 542 years traversing the distance between our earth and the sun.

Mercury's rate of motion in its orbit is 30 miles per second, a velocity two hundred times greater than that of a ball when it leaves the mouth of a cannon.

Had a steam-carriage set out from our earth at its creation, moving at the rate of 20 miles per hour, it would still require three thousand seven hundred years to reach the orbit of Uranus. Were the sun's centre placed over the earth, it would entirely fill the moon's orbit and extend 200,000 miles beyond it, in every direction. The sun is five hundred and forty-five times larger than all the planetary bodies belonging to the solar system, taken together.

To an inhabitant upon the moon, the earth appears thirteen times larger than the moon does to us.

The distance to the fixed stars cannot be so small as 19,200,000,000,000 of miles. It must have taken the light of some of the stars a thousand years to reach the earth.

A HINT TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to work remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap water, they will, after drooping a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreen is easily secured for the winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water. So says a lady who has tried it.

Cowardesses.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"To be weak is to be miserable," says Satan. Even the—"which I meant to say," the Evil One, tells the truth now and then. To be strong is not invariably to be happy, but to be weak is always to be miserable. Satan meant cowardly when he said weak. A coward is abjectly, contemptibly miserable. He has reached the climax of miserableness. Somehow he makes you think of a sneaking cur dog, slinking off with its rear member depressed. By the way, pardon the aside, (it's much the same, however, whether you pardon it or not,) but a dog's tail is his barometer. He expresses emotion by it. It is an exact index of the feelings which sway his dog-ship. You can read him at a glance by the expression of his tail. Is he pleased, up goes this caudal appendage, wig-wag, wig-wag. Is he more pleased, he wags it harder and faster. And when his dog's soul has reached the state of supreme satisfaction, it jerks in a manner bordering upon frenzy. On the contrary, if he is caught robbing hen's nests, or has a tussle with a certain animal well known to western woods and western noses, his one expressive feature is a sad sight to behold. It drags upon the ground in its sheepish humility. It droops and wilts and disappears entirely from view. At such times a dog is the meanest looking brute on the face of nature. And at such times he reminds you of a human object who has no fight in him.

But I don't particularly mean cowardly men. I don't have reference to the captain whose ill health caused him to lie snug behind a log till the battle was over, nor to the sheep-faced individual who, with a loaded six-shooter on his bureau, stood by and watched two thieves sack his pork barrel.

But cowardly women.

Some people like them. Among the amiable weaknesses mentioned according to rule as rendering lovely woman attractive to eyes masculine, are a helpless body and a timid soul. They like it on the principle of first endure, then pity, then embrace, I suppose. But a cowardly spirit is a miserable thing, whether dwelling in the body of man, woman, or dog.

There are women who deserve to have their ears boxed. For instance, Mrs. Heavyside, a great, overgrown creature, weighing at least a hundred and eighty, with a poor little slim bit of a husband whom she could pick up under one arm and carry all day. When Mrs. Heavyside walks in the country, if a small calf looks at her and bleats for its mother, she screeches with all the force of a healthy pair of lungs, and then faints. She will never, under any circumstances, permit her smaller half to leave home for a single twenty-four hours, lest some "strange man" should come prowling about, and her husband not be there to protect her. *Protect!* That is a little joke. Madam, you are a simpleton. You didn't fear an innocent veal much, fifteen years ago, when you used to drive home the cows and feed half a dozen oxen. There is method in your cowardice. Delicate creature! Also, there is Miss Seventeen, gushing, kissy, and school-girlish. If a spider drops on her shoulder, she is frightened well-nigh into convulsions. Especially if Tip Jones isn't far off. And you will notice a peculiarity about these lovely cowards. If there are gentlemen within hearing distance, their demonstrations of extreme fright are ten times longer and louder. What mysterious influence can the presence of a *man* have upon their fear now? Amiable weakness! During the Indian troubles in Minnesota the writer hereof was in a frontier town where an attack was expected every moment. In the middle of the night a wild cry rose: "Indians! Indians!" To be sure it wasn't Indians, but the effect was all the same. For the first and last time in my life, I saw a Scripture metaphor literally fulfilled. Exactly seven women laid hold on one man, howling and screaming: "O, Mr. Wiggles! Save us, save us from the Injins!"

Our party witnessed many a distressful scene after that, but truth compels me to say that among all the recollections of that eventful summer, the one in memory which stands out the boldest, and the one I always think of first, the one I shall think of last, is the shrill, treble concert of those seven women: "Mis-ter Wiggles! Sa-ave us from the Injins!" Mr. Wiggles was, of course, willing, in his weak way, to do anything a mere human man could do, but I leave it to any gentleman whether the circumstances were not a little embarrassing.

In this same frontier town was the county jail, full of prisoners. The sheriff was obliged to go to St. Paul after a detachment of troops to fight the Indians. And to guard that jail full of prisoners, desperate characters some of them, he left only his wife, one woman with a loaded gun. And she guarded it, and guarded it well, till his return. There was a woman for you! A woman to make the heart of a woman thrill with noble pride. She would hardly be apt to faint at a calf, or screech at a spider. I am sure she could even drive a nail, if she wanted to.

Gail Hamilton says there is nothing in this world quite so splendid as a splendid man. Gail was mistaken for once. A splendid man is well enough, as men go; but think of a brave woman, a woman with not a drop of false blood in her body. All the splendid men would take off their caps to her, in profoundest reverence. For a true man admires nothing so much as a noble woman who has about her no atom of cowardice, physical, mental, or moral.

A coward is a hypocrite. He is miserably afraid to speak out boldly what he thinks and wishes. Women practice a kind of weak deceit much oftener than men do. It is because they are shameful cowards, in mind and body. The priceless birthright of speaking out one's mind they daily barter for pitiful messes of pottage, and a pitiful mess they make of it often, too. If they could but feel once the triumph, the inborn satisfaction of saying exactly what they think, right in the very teeth of one! But they never will enjoy this satisfaction. For women are such cowards.

Why should not a woman know how to shoot? Is there anything unlady-like about it? Maybe, though, it wouldn't be *precedent*. Possibly it would be "horrid." Maybe so, but it would save a woman's life now and then. Probably, though, if a woman had a pistol and knew how to use it, when danger came she would be such a nervous fool that she would shoot herself. And good riddance, too. For women are *such* cowards.

If women were braver and men were truer, both would be happier than they are now. If women would but train themselves to be calm and fearless, teaching themselves to preserve at every moment that intellectual presence of mind which alone can see the way out of trouble; if they would only keep their senses and use them. Instead of the brave, self-helpful souls they might be, it makes one's heart ache to see the excitable, silly things they are. Brave and self-helpful, without taking away the smallest fraction of that sweetness and gentleness which women claim as their divine right. For being less cowardly, they would not be any the less womanly. Oh! no. For:

"The bravest are the tenderest." ZIG.

JEALOUSY.

I love my love so well, I would
There were no eyes but mine that could
See my sweet piece of womanhood,
And marvel of delight.
I dread that even the sun should rise,
That bold, bright rover of the skies,
Who dares to touch her closed eyes,
And put her dreams to flight.

No maid could be more kind to me,
No truer maiden lives than she,
But yet I die of jealousy,
A thousand deaths in one.
I cannot bear to see her stop,
With her soft hand a flower to crop,
I envy even the clover top
Her dear foot treads upon.

How cruel in my sight to bless
Even her bird with the caress
Of fingers that I dare not press—
Those lady fingers, white,
That nestle oft in that dear place
Between her pillow and her face,
And, never asking leave or grace,
Caress her cheek at night.

'Tis torture more than I can bear
To see the wanton summer air
Lift the bright tresses of her hair,
And careless let them fall.
The wind that through the roses slips,
And every sparkling dew drop sips,
Without rebuke may kiss her lips,
The sweetest rose of all.

I envy, on her neck of snow,
The white pearls hanging in a row,
The opals on her heart that glow,
Hushed with a tender red.
I would not in her chamber fair
The curious stars should see her, where
I, even in thought, may scarcely dare
For reverence to tread.

O, maiden, hear and answer me,
In kindness or in cruelty;
Bid me to live, or let me die,
I cry, and cry again!
Give me to touch one golden tress,
Give me thy white hand to caress,
Give me thy red, red lips to press,
And ease my jealous pain.

The Dykehambury Concert.

I.

"Go into society! Of course he won't, yet. Why, the old man has scarcely been dead six months, and it isn't two since the poor lads were drowned in the Dike,—a lucky chance for him."

"That's no matter. Mr. Hugh Carton is not a near relative. Where they fished him up from, no one can tell. And then he has an invalid sister."

"To whom he is very good."

This was from an elderly bachelor who was grim and testy, but whose testiness no one minded much. He took snuff as he said it; he also struck his cane into the carpet savagely, as though that had been the speaker, and wanted putting down.

"And I should like to know what man, worthy the name, wouldn't be good to an invalid sister?" persisted this gentleman.

"Of course, Mr. Crane, of course. But then she is an invalid, you know, which might be against—"

"Her brother's dancing attendance on a bevy of music-mad young ladies, and screaming up to B flat," said Mr. Crane, pulling a face. "Well, I don't pretend to be musical, and I have already been introduced to Mr. Carton. I should say that he is not musical either. Sorry to disappoint you."

The three Misses Grafton looked at each other and smiled. The parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody for miles round was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like *vin ordinaire*: and besides, they could not take the high notes. Now, a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheeks, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not impossible that he might supply the deficiency.

"At any rate," said Miss Grafton, "we will not take him at your valuation, Mr. Crane."

"No one expects you to do so, young ladies," retorted Mr. Crane. "The proof of the pudding—but I forgot, that's vulgar. Listen, however, to an old fogie. I venture to predict—nay, I would lay a small wager that the concourse of you—Graftons, Hetheringtons, Wilsons, every one—don't extract five consecutive words from this taciturn gentleman. I couldn't; and I talked about top-dressing, and the crops, and the game laws,—all that would naturally interest a country gentleman. I don't believe myself that he knows what it is he has come into. The only time I succeeded in attracting his attention for a moment, was when I spoke of that poor Mrs. Wynne, who lives over there, you know, almost inside his park. I suppose it was because she is a cripple, like his sister." Again the young ladies smiled.

"Ah," said Mr. Crane, "laugh if you will, ladies. I dare say you think a crusty old fellow like me wouldn't be very likely to entertain this new lion; but you may be mistaken. "Why, he's thirty-five if he's a day, and the gray hairs are coming."

"His voice will be in its prime, Mr. Crane," said the ladies.

"His voice! his voice!" exclaimed Mr. Crane; "as if a human being were nothing but a mechanical contrivance for emitting sound. And," he added, softly, "the man has known sorrow."

He got up to go as he spoke, and the girls shook hands with him good-humoredly enough, for he was not so sour as he seemed, and in spite of his caustic speeches, he was rather a favorite among them.

Meantime the object of these remarks was walking about the lawn of Dykewood Park with a cigar in his mouth; a tall, muscular man, with a rather worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck a stranger as having a pitiful, hunted look in them at times. When his possessions became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hardly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles.

There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and among the flower-beds; and as his eye fell upon them, Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men were his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-tops, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply of charcoal was scanty. He saw this man rising up in the morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for better days had begun, and his genius was making its way tardily; a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually paler until—

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him, touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

"I might be the country squire in a farce," he said to himself; "I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it didn't come too late."

He flung down his cigar, and walked quickly towards the house. He passed the wide stone steps, which looked so imposing, pushed open a French window, and entered a small drawing-room, at the end of which was a conservatory. A young girl lay on a couch near this window, young, but with few of the marks of youth. There was not the faintest rose-tint in the cheeks, from which suffering had driven the healthy blood; the hands that she stretched out to him were fearfully thin, and the large eyes, which filled with tender light when they saw him, seemed too large for the wasted features. Yet in a certain way she was beautiful. Hugh Carton knelt down beside the couch, and put his arm under her head gently.

"Is it pleasant, sister?" he said. "Are you happy here among the birds and the flowers, or do you long after bluer skies?"

"No, Hugh," replied the girl; "there was trouble under them."

"Ah, but it was growing lighter," said Hugh.

"I know it was," said the girl; "but what of that? They should have appreciated you before; they shall not have you now to make a slave of. I am glad for your sake a thousand times more than my own. It seems too good to be true."

"It does, indeed," said Hugh, smilingly. "I am ready to warn my own men that sometimes I may not be able to pay them for their work. I am only thankful that all this came when it did."

"That's for my sake," said the girl, clasping his neck with a sudden, passionate movement of affection. "Hugh, how shall I ever repay you? All your life long you have sacrificed everything for me. Many a time you thought I did not know when something had to be given up, because you would not leave me to the care of strangers. You would have got on, and been famous long ago, but for me. Tell me, is not that so?"

"Perhaps I didn't want fame, Ethel," he replied.

"Ah, but poverty would have been over then," said Ethel; "and I know, I know—Hugh, don't you remember what that English viscount said about you?"

"He was an old woman," said Hugh.

"You know better," said Ethel; "and if you had come to England, as he said, you would have done better. Do the English justice—they always recognize talent."

"You forget that you are praising yourself," said Hugh. "Are not we English? But I could not have come to England in that way, Ethie."

"You might have changed your name," said Ethel.

"Never," said Hugh curtly.

"You preferred slaving your best years away for me," continued Ethel. "I wonder how many brothers there are in the world like mine."

"And I wonder how many sisters are as patient and uncomplaining as mine," retorted Hugh. "We won't talk of the old days now, Ethie. I declare that I never wished to sit in the place which those two poor lads should have filled successively before me. I never thought of such a chance. When I read of the accident, and saw that advertisement for the next of kin, there was pity in the shock as well as—but never mind."

"No," said Ethel, "let it rest. I have had visitors again, Hugh. That kind old Mrs. Wynne came with her daughter. It was very good of the old lady; for though she is not exactly a cripple, like I am, it is difficult for her to get about."

"Why do they always come when I'm from home?" said Mr. Carton, and a shade passed over his face. "It looks as if there was something ogreish about me, Ethel."

"So there is," replied Ethel. "You are so silent and stern-looking, like a brigand. You never open your lips to any one but me. But you must call upon Mrs. Wynne and little Bertie—they are your tenants, you know. Fancy your boasting tenants! Will you have a rent-day, Hugh, and a grand feast in the park, and speeches? or will you be a hard, griping landlord, and oppress everybody? See there! What's that coming up the avenue? A carriageful of ladies to call upon me, and a—what a curious looking man!"

"It's the very fellow that bothered me about game-laws the other day," said Hugh, laughing; "as if I knew anything about game-laws! I can't stand this, Ethel. Good-by!"

"Indeed, no, sir," said Ethel, and she caught his arm and held him fast. "You never did leave me to bear the brunt of anything yet, and you shall not begin now. Besides, consider that you'll have to return all these calls since I cannot; so stay and break the ice."

II.

Hugh Carton was a very singular gentleman indeed. Dykewood raised its eyebrows and didn't know what to think about him. As to his being an acquisition to the neighborhood, that seemed very dubious indeed. Dykewood had called upon the Cartons, and Mr. Carton had returned the calls. His sister won golden opinions from all; but as for Hugh, he sat for the most part in his corner staring at the landscape with absent eyes, or pulling his long black moustache over his mouth, as if he wanted to hide a smile. Dykewood invited him to an evening party, to which Mr. Carton went, after a strong argument over the matter with his sister; and the musical young ladies were more puzzled than ever. Miss Grafton played her pet piece with more than usual elaboration, and her sister drew a startled and dreamy acknowledgment from him that he knew nothing of Thalberg; was not quite sure that he had ever heard the name. Then three young ladies sang a trio, and when it was over Mr. Carton did not even applaud, but sat still by little Bertie Wynne, and positively talked to her. Poor little Bertie did not sing or play—before company. She could not know the charm that lay hidden in that naïve confession; she was only conscious that Mr. Carton's manner grew suddenly kinder; that he had a very pleasant way of saying funny things; and it made her feel very angry afterwards to hear her companions expressing their disapproval of him in a corner, as hopelessly stupid.

"Why, he turned your music over always in the wrong place, Clare," said the second Miss Grafton, "before the page was half finished."

A little chuckle broke from Mr. Crane at this.

"Showed his sense," said he; "wanted it over. Not that I mean to be discourteous, my dears, at all; only didn't I tell you there was no music in him?"

"We didn't accept your verdict, though," retorted Miss Grafton, moving towards Mr. Carton's corner.

"This nonsensical heathen has been accusing you of his own want of taste, Mr. Carton," she said. "I'm sure it's a libel. I am quite sure that you must at least like music."

Hugh stammered out that he "didn't exactly know," and the young lady's face fell.

"We did so hope you would join the choir," continued Miss Grafton. "We want a tenor voice dreadfully, and you look as if you had one."

"The choir!" repeated Mr. Carton, reflectively.

"Yes, our Dykewood choir," said Miss Grafton. "You heard us on Sunday. But a really good tenor would be such an improvement. I am sure you have a singing face, if you would only try. People very often don't know their capabilities until they begin."

There was a very curious twitching about Mr. Carton's lips as he listened to this. The speaker did not notice it, but little Bertie Wynne did, and wondered. He raised his eyes to Miss Grafton's face, and said very quietly, "You may be right. I suppose I am not too old to learn."

He was smiling outright now, and a chorus of eager negatives of such a supposition broke upon him.

"And then we are going to have an amateur concert," said Miss Grafton; "and we should be so glad of your help—at Dykehambury, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Carton. His face grew a shade paler, and he stretched out one hand in an aimless sort of fashion, as though searching for something. The gesture was peculiar; these people could not know how suddenly they had touched a chord in that weary, struggling past of his, and drawn forth the old instinctive movement by which he had been used in those days to draw his sister's couch towards him and feel that there was a comforter.

Mr. Carton walked home that night with little Bertie Wynne, which gave rise to many expressions of discontent, fortunately never destined to reach his ears. Bertie's servant kept at a decorous distance, but there was no laughter or funny speeches now. Hugh had grown grave in the moonlight; so grave, indeed, and absent, that he would have forgotten to wish his charge good-night if she had not spoken the words first; and then he remembered, and his face grew red as he spoke the parting salute.

The last words which Mr. Carton said to his sister that night must have been very comical, to judge by the amusement they created. She looked up at him with mischief sparkling in her large eyes; and twisting the corners of the mouth, about which pain had drawn many lines, she said, simply, "Sing for them, dear Hugh,—do."

III.

"So you have given him up!" said Mr. Crane, biting his lips.

"Oh, of course," replied Miss Grafton. "It would never do to take a beginner amongst the Dykenhambury people,—they wouldn't like it."

"But you have asked him," said Mr. Crane. "Suppose he says he will sing?—and there he comes. Besides, how do you know he is a beginner?"

"I know how he turned my music over," said Miss Grafton. "But that's nonsense. I should have liked a tenor solo: but we must do without it."

When Mr. Carton made his unexpected entrance into the committee-room this question was still undecided. No one spoke to him beyond the ordinary greeting, and that was cut rather short, for they were preoccupied, and, in a musical light, he was evidently nobody. He sat listening and caressing his moustache, as usual, till the debate grew warm, and then all at once the Oracle stepped forward and broke his silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I believe my voice is a tenor. I will undertake this solo that you are in trouble about. Let me see—one part of the concert is to be sacred and the other profane—I hope that doesn't mean that it is to be wicked. If I may choose, I prefer appearing in the sacred part. I will sing, 'Deeper and deeper still.'"

There ran a sort of terrified gasp through the assembled ladies. Mr. Crane, who liked to be everywhere, and hear everything that went on, sucked the knob of his stick and chuckled. At last some one said, feebly,

"What, that grand thing!—the song John Braham made immortal?"

"Did he?" said Hugh. "I should have thought the composer had some hand in doing that. Don't you approve of my choice?"

"It is a difficult song," was the reply. "Do you know the recitative?"

"Recitative," repeated Hugh, absently; "oh, to be sure. That is, of course I shall get the

music, and my sister will run through it with me at home. I don't think you will want me at the rehearsals," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "I wish you good evening."

Mr. Carton's step was more elastic than usual as he went away. Perhaps the fresh summer air and the beauty of woods and fields did him good. At any rate it was with a very bright face that he stopped at the little door in the wall which divided Mrs. Wynne's garden from his park. He opened this door, listened, and shook his head, but indulgently. Some one was playing on a piano which was not in very good tune. By-and-by the sound ceased, and a little figure came to the window, peeped through the muslin curtains, and saw him. Mr. Carton took off his hat, and she met him at the door.

"I thought you didn't play," he said.

"I don't, for visitors," was the reply; "but mamma likes it. I was only trying a bit from 'Oberon.' It is such sparkling music, just as if the writer were so brimful of happiness and mirth that he didn't know what to do with himself."

"Then you couldn't fancy the man who wrote it dying slowly while he wrote?" said Mr. Carton, gravely. "What judges we are, all of us!"

"Was Weber dying when he wrote 'Oberon'?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Carton, "and knew that he was. He wrote it for an English opera company, and came to England to put it on the stage. He left his wife and bairnies behind him in the far country, and worked all the harder in the hope of seeing them once again before he died. He never did, though. It's sad, isn't it? We won't talk about it. What's that puzzled face for?"

"I was wondering," said Bertie, "how you, who don't care for music, came to know all this about Weber, and be so interested in it."

"I may know something of the life of a clever man, though crotchets and quavers were Greek to me, mayn't I?" laughed Mr. Carton. "And how can you tell that I don't care for music, eh?"

"Well, you never say anything about it," replied Bertie. "And then the choir—"

"Oh, the choir," said Hugh, slowly. "But then you see, in the foreign churches, at least some of them, one might get a little spoiled for—your choir?"

"Don't call it mine," said Bertie. "They wouldn't admit me if I wanted to join it, which I do not, for I couldn't spare the time as the others can."

"Why wouldn't they admit you?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bertie, with a little shrug of indifference. "I'm insignificant and a nobody, and then my voice is neither one thing nor another,—not worth having, you know. I can't go up to B, nor down to wonderful depths, Mr. Carton."

"Will you let me hear it?" said Hugh, quickly.

"Are you serious?" said Bertie, looking up, with a little flush of astonishment.

"Indeed I am," he replied. "Sing something for me."

Mr. Carton was silent for a while after the song was finished, and he looked over Bertie's music discontentedly.

"These don't suit you," he said, at last. "I wish you would let me get some mezzo-soprano things for you. I am going to send to London. Ah, by the way, I haven't told you about that. I hope I shall not disgrace myself; but I am going to sing a solo at this grand concert."

"Mr. Carton!" exclaimed Bertie.

"It's quite true," said he. "Don't look so terrified. Your amateur performers are always indulgently allowed to blunder. Is it not so? What o'clock is that?" he added, suddenly. "I had no idea it was so late; and Ethel will be waiting for me. That reminds me, Miss Bertie: take my thanks for all your kindness to her, and to me, through her. And now let me pay my respects to Mrs. Wynne, for I must go."

IV.

Mr. Carton was a bachelor, and rich, so it would never do for Dykewood to offend him outright. He must sing his song; that was, if some happy chance did not interfere to prevent it. If the Dykehambury magnates did make fun of them all, they must bear it. Mr. Crane said it would serve them right for besieging the man as soon as he came amongst them; and of course he would make a fool of himself. The ladies comforted themselves with the reflection that a failure would do him good; would make him more humble and tractable, and teach him not to make remarks about the choir. But little Bertie Wynne went about with a troubled face amongst her flowers, and told herself, with rising anger, that she hated the concert, and that nothing should ever induce her to go to it. She was thinking this one evening discontentedly, while her busy scissors snipped away here and there a dead rose from the standards, when suddenly a voice, which she knew pretty well by this time, uttered her name, and she looked up and saw Mr. Carton's brown face above the wall on which his hands rested.

"Those roses are finer than mine," he said, demurely. "May I have one if I come for it?"

He did not wait for an answer, but raised himself to the top of the wall, and then dropped on the other side.

"It's so far round to the gate," he said, glancing at a wicket about three yards distant. "And besides, I feel very like a school-boy still. I never see a wall like this without wanting to climb over it. Now for my rose."

Bertie handed him the scissors, but Hugh said,

"No, cut it for me. Now put it in my button-hole; thank you. What's the matter?"

He asked this question quickly, and in a tone which had lost its lightness, for, looking down at her as she obeyed his command, he saw that her face was pale, and fancied her fingers trembled.

"What a ruffian of a fellow I am!" said he. "What is it? Mrs. Wynne—"

"No, no," interrupted Bertie; "mamma is all right; it isn't that. And there's nothing the matter, only— Mr. Carton, I want very much to say something to you, if you are sure you won't be angry."

"Angry!" said he. "We ought to be friends by this time, Miss Wynne. You are not afraid of me?"

"No," said Bertie; "but— I wanted your sister to say it, and she wouldn't. She said that I must speak to you myself,—that you would not listen to her. Mr. Carton, it's about the concert."

Hugh's face changed in a moment. Subdued mirth gleamed in his eyes, and twisted the corners of his lips under the black moustache, but Bertie was not looking at him.

"You think I shall make a worse mess than the rest?" he said.

Bertie did not answer; she was looking away over the woods towards the spires of Dykehambury, some miles distant.

"Mr. Carton, everybody is talking about the concert," continued Bertie. "You see, it isn't the same thing as it would be if it were confined to Dykewood and the choir. The Dykehambury Music Hall is a very grand place, and people will come from all parts—"

"For the fun of hearing what a fool I shall make of myself, eh?" said Mr. Carton. "Well, don't you perceive that by such means I shall be adding to the receipts? And as it is for a charity, one shouldn't mind being laughed at."

"But, Mr. Carton, you don't know—"

"But, Miss Wynne, you don't know how I was beset on all sides about this affair just at first," interrupted Mr. Carton. "They have begun to look coolly on me now, I am aware; so see how amiable I am to be still willing to help."

"But if you can't," said Bertie.

"A man never knows what he can do till he tries," replied Mr. Carton.

"Why you don't even attend the rehearsals," said Bertie.

There was an involuntary movement of Mr. Carton's hands towards his ears.

"No," said he, "I do not; and I haven't got the song yet."

Bertie turned a horror-stricken face towards him.

"Do you know that the concert is fixed for Wednesday?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Hugh. "I expected to get my packet by post this morning, but it didn't come. I wonder if I remembered to put the address?" he added, with a spirit of mischief he could not control.

"Mr. Carton," said Bertie, "don't do it."

Hugh's air of light raillery changed altogether at those pleading words. He bent down and took the two nervous little hands in his, and his face was very grave.

"You don't like me to be made fun of," said he. "You are unhappy—that is, anxious, on my account, Bertie?"

"Yes—and Ethel's," added Bertie, quickly. She hardly knew what made her add that. Perhaps it was something in his face which she had never seen before; or it might have been the consciousness that he had called her by her name for the first time. If she had looked at him then she would have seen that a debate was going on in his mind, but she did not. He was silent for some minutes, still holding her hands; then dropping them, he turned away, and said, coldly,

"I shall hope to see you at the concert, nevertheless, Miss Wynne; don't disappoint me."

The words fell chill on Bertie's heart, and she took a step towards him.

"You are angry," she said. "I have offended you."

"No. Good night," he replied.

Mr. Carton never looked back once, but went out by the gate this time, soberly enough, and walked away along the park. And Bertie stayed amongst the roses, thinking she had done a foolish thing; wishing that vainest of all wishes, for the past back again, till it grew late, till the moon came out, and she went into the house with the heart-ache.

V.

The clocks in the great square of Dykehambury were striking seven, and one solitary gentleman was wandering about the orchestra of the music-hall. The organ stood ready open, and this gentleman went up to it and examined the stops; but he could have done nothing further if he had desired it, since there was no one to blow for him. From the organ he turned to the grand piano, struck a few chords, and broke off with a gesture of amusement. It was the air the variations of which he had so unceremoniously cut short for Miss Grafton. Then this solitary gentleman espied in one corner a violin with its bow stuck invitingly across it. A strange expression stole over his face at the sight of this. He took off his gloves and went up to it softly, looking round him as if he had been going to do some guilty thing. He had only time to adjust the instrument carelessly in its place, and to draw from it one long chord, when another step came up the stairs, and the conductor stood before him. Hugh Carton positively blushed as he put down his prize with reluctant fingers. He glanced with a comical deprecation at the new-comer, who knew no better than other people what were the powers of this bold soloist, and said, half smiling,

"Who knows? I might play as well as sing, if I tried."

He then selected his corner in the orchestra, and took his seat. He did not care about all the fuss and bustle of the green-room, and he sat, indolently watching the chorus-singers take their places, the arrangement of harps and music-stands, and the gradual filling of the hall down below, till the conductor came forward with his baton, and the overture began. No one who looked at him would have thought that Hugh heard anything. He never moved a muscle of his face, never looked up even when the first soprano solo brought forth an *encore*, so clamorous, that it had to be complied with. He was perfectly passive and immovable until his own turn came, when he stepped forward and took up his music.

Even Hugh himself could not help being conscious of the subdued rustle which swept through the hall at his appearance—a rustle of excited anticipation; a sort of self-gratulatory preparation to be critical. He knew that there were smiles more cynical than pleasant on some of the faces, and that opera-glasses were being levelled at him. His blood might have flowed a little more quickly in his veins, perhaps, as he looked down upon the audience below him, but that was all. He could not see, though perhaps he guessed intuitively, that Bertie Wynne had her head bent down, and her hands pressed tightly together in an agony of suspense for him; but Bertie had retracted her decision not to be present. She had found it impossible to stay away; and she will never forget the moment when the first few notes of Hugh's recitative broke on her ear, and the little rustle in the hall sunk suddenly into breathless stillness. Bertie's head was raised, and the flush of nervous dread left her face. She had never heard anything like this before; it was very possible that Dykehambury never had either.

The silence remained unbroken for some moments after the song was finished, and then the applause broke out in a deafening clamor, that would not cease until Mr. Carton came back, spoke a word to the accompanyist, and substituted "Angels ever bright and fair."

The rest of the concert was hopeless confusion to Bertie Wynne. In the interval she heard dimly the exclamations of astonishment and delight that passed from lip to lip around her; she even recognized the harsh chuckle of Mr. Crane, as he asked old Mrs. Grafton what she thought of the choir after that; and she was vaguely watchful of that one figure sitting silent and grave in the orchestra, never moving, never seeming to notice anything that went on, and to all appearance profoundly unconscious of the commotion which his wonderful voice had stirred up in the hall. She knew little more until she found herself in Mrs. Grafton's carriage, and saw Hugh at the window petitioning for a seat. He did not say much when he got in. The stars were bright, and the air of the summer night was very sweet after the close music-hall. Perhaps altogether there had been no passage in Bertie's quiet life so wonderful as this drive home from Dykehambury. At the little gate in the wall they both got out, and Bertie's *chaperon* drove away, with a caution to Mr. Carton to see her safe into the house. Hugh took off his hat to the retreating carriage significantly, and stood in the gateway, looking down at the little figure all in white beside him.

"Well?" he said, smiling.

"Mr. Carton, I never heard anything so beautiful in my life," said Bertie. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Tell you what?" he asked; "that I once made a living by singing in public? I never said that I knew nothing of music. It was taken for granted; and, excuse me, your Dykewood people are rather supercilious; they amused me a little. One only, out of all, did not sneer, but took a part that would have been doubly kind if I had been the presumptuous fool they thought me. Do you think I did not know the sort of 'lead him on, it will be fun,' that possessed all Dykewood—you excepted? Yet one evening I was sorely tempted to tell. Do you remember?"

"I think so," said Bertie, as she made a step towards the house; but he stopped her.

"One moment," said Hugh. "Something else dates from that same evening. My pulses are riotously quick; I can't go home till they are quieter. I began to hope then, Bertie, that evening, that I might give my little friend and counsellor a dearer title. It's very sweet to hope. You won't forbid it? Don't you care for me after all?"

"I am not fit," said Bertie.

"You are my pearl of price that I meant to win for myself, if I could," said Hugh. "Listen: no; thus, with your hand in mine, that I may feel if you shrink from me. My father married an Italian opera-singer, and was cut off with a shilling for doing so. Do you think the worse of me for my mother's sake?"

"No," replied Bertie.

"I have been next door to a pauper," he continued. "I have done the hardest manual labor. Finally, I have been a public singer myself. Do you think the worse of me for all this?"

Involuntarily Bertie crept a little closer to him, which was answer sufficient.

"If those silent woods and lawns could speak, they would tell how you have haunted them with your ghostly presence. Come and make it real for me. I shall come to-morrow, and the next day, and every day until you will let me take you home. These things creep out, don't they, Bertie? To-morrow all Dykewood will know what came of the Dykehambury concert."

"They will say that I am not good enough for you," returned Bertie.

Mr. Carton's answer was unimportant. He waited until the hall door had closed after Bertie, stayed a little while longer, looking up at the light in her window, and then went off to walk up and down in the starlight, and wonder that Fortune was so good to him, just as he used to wonder in the old days at the strange grudge she seemed to bear him.

Coercing Hens.

A lady correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, writing from Kansas, relates the following:—

"After breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and catching her hens, tie each one's legs together, and throw them upon the ground, with 'there, be good.'

"'What did you do that for?' I asked.

"'To make 'em lay,' she answered.

"'Make 'em lay, will that do it?' I inquired.

"'La, yes,' she said, 'didn't you ever hearn tell of that before?'

"I confess I had not. In an hour she went again, and picked up the hens, and sure enough, some had laid; those she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens which seemed disposed to be contrary, she struck on the back, saying—'You'd better lay—you'd better lay, for you won't go until you do,' and in a little while they, too, had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so bountifully. She says she does so every morning, and the hens know well enough that 'they have got to lay.'"

MISTAKING HIS ROAD.—A horse thief, a short time since, lost his way in attempting to escape with a horse which he had stolen from Kittery, a country town in Maine. After going as far as Eliot, he returned by another route to Kittery, where he offered the horse for sale to a brother of the owner. He stated that he did not wish to purchase, but that one of his neighbors did, and then showed the thief to his brother's residence. Arriving there the fellow offered to sell the horse to the owner, who, after making many inquiries about age, &c., concluded a purchase, but stated that he must go to the village for the money. Arrived there, instead of getting the money, the owner got a warrant, which, to the great astonishment of the thief, was served upon him, and he was taken to jail.

☞ A remarkable-looking person astonished the *habitués* of the Italian Opera, in Paris, recently. He had on a cravat completely covered with diamonds. The nobby gentleman, as might be expected, turned out not to be of the upper-ten, but the keeper of a *café*.

☞ A few days ago, a young man residing at Fayetteville, Onondaga county, of strong muscular frame, dislocated his lower jaw in the act of gaping. A doctor was called to his assistance, who found his patient unable to close his mouth. It became necessary to put him entirely under the influence of chloroform before a sufficient relaxation of the muscles could be induced to restore the jaw to its natural position.

☞ The Jaffa (Palestine) colonists from Maine have arrived safely at their port of destination, after a pleasant passage of forty-two days. Rev. Mr. Adams writes that "everything goes on first rate," and all entertain "high hopes of a glorious future." The company numbers 157 men, women and children.

The New Glacial Theory of Agassiz.

One of the most comprehensive and sublime theories in regard to the preparation of our globe for becoming the abode of man is being advanced by Professor Agassiz since his return from Brasil. It is the glacial theory, carried out to more fully matured conclusions. According to it, all or nearly all the richest loamy soil now yielding the greatest crops of produce, which are destitute of animal remains, are in fact soils ground up and deposited by glacier action, the results, in fact, of the immensely expansive force of water in freezing.

Prof. Agassiz, born in Switzerland, had long studied the glaciers of the Alps, of which there are about four hundred, between Mont Blanc and the borders of the Tyrol, several of which are from 10 to 20 miles in length and one to two in breadth. They are formed between the mountains of these regions by immense accumulations of snow, which thaw in the sun and freeze again in the shade, forming iceberge, *always moving* and grinding up the rocks and earth by their expansive power—always melting at the bottom, and forming mountains and streams there, yet fed ever at the top by fresh snows, so as never to diminish, but always keep moving and carrying down and depositing *moraines* or deposits of earth and rock. It has long been known that the whole of Europe must have been subjected to glacial action; that the peculiar yellow loam which makes the fields of Belgium so immensely fertile—all the "loess," as it is called, of the valley of the Rhine, and even of the Danube, is nothing but an impalpable mud formed by the grinding work of glaciers and deposited by their melting waters. But few were prepared for so sweeping an extension of this theory to the North, and more especially to the South American continent, as unfolded by Agassiz in his lectures on Brazil. After all that Lyell had written in his recent and invaluable work on the Antiquity of Man, the speculations now being broached in these lectures are interesting in the highest degree. Agassiz supposes that about *fifteen thousand feet* of snow must have covered the northern hemisphere of America at one time, leaving in Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, marks of a glacial action to this day, *six thousand feet* high. This glacial action has been traced southward in North America as far at least as North Carolina, and how much farther it will be traced none can say. But in Brazil he has again found proofs of the existence of a wall of ice at least seven hundred feet high, that must have dammed up the mouth of the Amazon. He believes that there must have been an immense glacier, 3,000 miles long, by from 300 to 800 miles wide, at least. This glacial period, he supposes, could only have originated when the air was in some way charged with an amount of moisture unknown now. "There must have been an immense kettle," he says, "to boil so much moisture." Submarine volcanoes he considers the agency which caused such an immense evaporation. The condensation of this produced that immense amount of snow and the whole of those glaciers, which produced this polar cold on the line of the equator itself. How long continued was this action can only be conjectured from the effects. From the melting of these glaciers in the Valley of the Amazon there was produced first a bed of laminated clay, fifteen to twenty feet thick, deposited when the water was quite quiet and without any current, from the glacier beginning to melt at the bottom. Then on the top of this, when the waters of the melting snow began to run, there was deposited a layer of stratified red sand-stone, one thousand feet thick, over the whole valley, most of which was afterwards washed off by the retiring waters. Then, when quiet and tranquillity were restored, there was deposited the whole of that fertile loam which makes that part of Brazil the most rich in productive power known on earth, and of great thickness. If these deposits had been formed at the bottom of the sea, there would have been some shells or bones or traces of marine life, or if by a fresh-water lake, the same. But the entire absence of vegetable or animal remains in these deposits proves that they were formed by melting ice. In Maine it had been perceived that icebergs must at one time have floated from Mount Desert, 1,500 feet high. At Albany, N. Y., the traces of glacial action are equally clear. The Connecticut river had been much higher and broader, and in the Mississippi it was plain that when the ice melted the whole valley was filled from the Rocky Mountains to the Appalachian range. And as the area was gradually occupied by ice, terraces would be formed, and then lower terraces, until the rivers came down to their present levels. The advantage of the study of the Amazon was that its level had not been disturbed. There was, indeed, a time when the Atlantic flowed up to and washed the foot of the Andes, but not since or during the glacial period. The levels are all the same, and the denudation is the most extensive of any known. Such is the present theory now being developed by Prof. Agassiz. It is just at the close of the glacial period that the first decided traces of man on earth have so far been discovered, though it is now beginning to be supposed that in the south of France human relics of as yet higher antiquity have been found.

☞ THE VIRGIN MARY.—About a century ago an insurance company at Madrid took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of the profits for the embellishment of her shrine in the city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had so manifest an interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts at such reduced rates that in a few months the parties were all declared bankrupts!

☞ When the Prince Imperial reaches twenty-one, the Emperor Napoleon, if he lives, will be in his seventieth year.

☞ A new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

☞ The processes of manufacturing "sparkling wine" are so long continued, that it is said each bottle when finished has been handled at least two hundred times.

"Young men, in raillery don't indulge,"
So says a learned sage;
For how can it be good in youth,
When it is *bad in age!*"

☞ The following curious notice appears in a Spiritual paper, under the heading of "Message Department:"—"The editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of spirits, either embodied or disembodied."

☞ There is a serious reform in the harem. The Sultan has proscribed for the future turbanded head-dresses, voluminous veils, corsair jackets, short petticoats, pantaloons, and begemmed slippers; and, instead thereof, ordered crinoline, *chignons*, and kid gloves.

The Skunk.

Shrink not in disgust, kind reader, from the caption of this article, for the subject of these remarks is beginning to occupy a prominent position in the export as well as internal trade of the country. The skunk has been until within a few years past "severely let alone," its fur being so coarse a texture, and its skin of little or no value; and besides this, contact with it is sure contamination. Large shipments have been recently made to Russia, where these skins are used for the caps of grenadiers, while many are manufactured into muffs in this country.

The skunk skin traffic now amounts to quite a handsome sum per year—one dealer reporting in the usual purchasing season, the spring of the year, when the fur is the most valuable, being the winter covering of the animal, a gathering of twenty-five hundred skins at fifty cents each. But this article does not sell in this country as skunk skin, by no manner of means—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It is dyed and metamorphosed, and changed in character and appearance, and is blazoned forth by the skillful fur men under some taking title, such as the "Mountain Otter," the "Prairie Badger," the "Colorado Catamount," or the "Australian Wolf"—chemistry has altogether transformed the base skunk into something rich and rare, needing only the christening, and fashion soon settles that. While upon the subject, we may as well dispose of a disputed question as to the mode of warfare which this much abused, but really very respectable animal adopts; although in "very bad odor," in the animal world, he only desires to be let alone.

The skunk is not a fighting man, he is quite retiring in his habits, and his sensitiveness upon the matter of being disturbed in his quiet nightly peregrinations in the poultry yard, induces him to make use of such agents of offence and defence as nature has given him, and his method of meeting his worst enemy, the dog, is quite novel. He rarely attempts to run, but faces his foe boldly, and while looking him in the eye, is quietly saturating his bushy tail with the liquid he carries for that purpose; as soon as he thinks he has a sufficient quantity on his bush, he brings it with a rapid sweep over his back, throwing a perfumed spray full twenty feet, like a fine rain shower. No quadruped or biped can stand that shower. Human nature and animal nature succumbs, and the skunk is left victor of the field. The skunk skin trade is increasing, and the disguise it undergoes in coloring and finishing renders it impossible to recognize any of its original features; not the slightest perceptible odor is discovered when it presents itself to the votaries of fashion in the shape of muff, or cape or gloves, and all this change is due to the application of chemistry.—*Hide and Leather Interest.*

A Woman's Fight with Indians.

The following is from the Tehama (California) Observer: "L. Hessick, who runs a pack train between Red Bluff and Hayfork of Trinity, gives the particulars of a daring exploit of a lady. Mrs. Sarah Donelson, formerly a resident of Red Bluff, is living in a log house on the trail with her children and her father. A few days ago her father went out hunting stock, and Mrs. Donelson was looking after her poultry a short distance from the house. Suddenly five Indians made their appearance. Mrs. Donelson started for the house, and was intercepted by two Indians. Throwing them from her, a third caught her by the shoulder. She knocked him down, and reaching the house in safety, barred the door. The Indians rested one or more rifles on the window, leveled at the woman, who approached them, took down her father's rifle and returned the fire of the Indians through the apertures or 'chinks' of the log house. On attempting to cock her gun Mrs. Donelson found that the thumb of her right hand had been shot away by an Indian bullet, but using her left hand, she soon had the pleasure of knowing that her would-be murderers had retreated, whether with whole hides or not she could not tell. Muscle, courage and self-possession won a victory—one against five, and that one a woman. We challenge the state to exhibit an instance in Indian fighting wherein a woman has acquitted herself more creditably."

☞ A sensation was created in an Episcopal church in Rochester on Wednesday, by the sudden death of a lady during the reading of the Psalter, and while the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil" were being repeated.

☞ A precocious pair of 14 and 15 summers respectively, residing in Baltimore, took it into their heads to get married, which they did on Wednesday, and started for the congenial society of Washington. The parents followed and found the youth selling papers and the girl sewing for a clothing store, both happy as cooing doves.

☞ A man in Paris has recovered four hundred francs from a woman for breach of promise of marriage.

☞ A "man of science in his day," which was nearly two hundred years ago, wrote as follows, respecting lightning: "If lightning kills one in his sleep, he dyes with his eyes opened. The reason is because it just wakes him, and kills him before he can shut his eyes again. If it kills one waking, his eyes will be found to be shut, because it so amaseth him, that he winketh and dyes before he can open his eyes again."

☞ Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning, one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear it thunder last night?" "No, Pat; did it really thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together." "Why in the mischief, thin, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

☞ On dit, Gen. Scott's eldest daughter died broken-hearted in a French convent, because her father would not consent to her marriage with a French officer.

☞ The authorities of the Department of Correge, in France, have forbidden the young women to sell their hair in the market places, on the ground that it is highly immoral.

☞ The French artist Cham pays his respects to American cashiers, in the *Univers Illustre*, as follows: An applicant presents himself at a banker's—"I have been a cashier in America." "Very well. You ran away with the cash box, and consequently you cannot return there. It is a safeguard, and I will employ you."

☞ A rebel soldier, supposed to be killed at Murfreesboro', turned up in Nashville last week to find his wife married to a Yankee, and nursing a sweet infant. He offered "to settle the matter for two cows," which not being done, he made savage threats, and was held to keep the peace.

A WONDERFUL MAN.—There appeared in Paris, in the sixteenth century, one Mecab Ader, calling himself the Wandering Jew, and claiming to have lived 1,600 years, and to have visited all parts of the earth. He was familiar with every important event and date since the birth of Christ, and was not confused by the most intricate cross-questioning, but answered readily. No one could address him in any language that he was ignorant of. He was visited by all the *literati* of the city, who believed him to be an impostor, but went away bewildered and astonished. He suddenly disappeared from Paris.

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

FARMERS,

Provide yourselves with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER at this season of the year, when Colic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhea, &c., may disable your hands. Use it in every case of the kind, and my care for it, if it does not effect a speedy cure. But be sure you trust to no other remedy but the old, long tried Perry Davis' Pain Killer, which has never to my knowledge failed. nov24-2t

READ THE FOLLOWING:—Holloway's Pills are an irresistible antidote to all complaints engendered by the excessive use of mercury, opium and other paralysing medicines, instilling new life and vigor into the blood. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, New York

℞ THE PEOPLE have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. Dr. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine. nov24-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is little or no demand for export. About 7000 bbls sold from $8 to 8.75 ₩ bbl for superfine; $9@11 for extra, the latter rate for fresh ground; $12.25@13.75 for Northwest family, the latter rate for fancy; $14@15.50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $16@16.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $8 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat is in better demand; 6000 bus common to fair Penna red sold at $1@3.15; 5000 bus good to prime do at $3.20@3.25; 5000 do good to prime Southern red at $3.25@3.35, and small lots of white at from $3.40@3.45 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye; 5000 bus sold at $1.33@1.35 for old Western, and $1.40@1.45 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; 20,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1.25@1.30; 6000 do Western mixed at $1.25@1.28, and 2000 do new at $1 ₩ bus. Oats; 20,000 bus sold at from 64½ to 65c ₩ bus for Delaware, and 64c ₩ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Mess Beef is selling at $16@20 for western and $22@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $27@28. Sales are making at $28@28.50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 19@24c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bacon Hams; 17@18c for pickled do; 14@15c for salt Shoulders, and 14@15c ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Butter—Small sales at 20@30c for roll, and 17@25c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese—Small sales at 17@18c. Eggs sell at 37@39c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 650 bales of middlings sold at from 35@36c ₩ lb for Uplands and 37@39c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—13 hhds of 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₩ ton. Spanish is dull at $20 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 41@42c ₩ lb.

COAL continues inactive. Sales are making at $5.25@5.50 for White Ash, and $5.50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 87@90c, and choice at 95c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Sales of Green Apples at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—14,000 lbs sold at 8½@10½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 16@17c, and halves at 30@31c, and pared at from 32@35c ₩ lb.

HOPS are unchanged. Small sales of fair to choice quality at 40@65c.

PLASTER—400 tons of soft sold at $4.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Small sales are making at $8.50@9.50 ₩ bus for old and new; 400 bus of Timothy sold at $3.25@3.50. Flaxseed sells at $3.25@3.30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at 2.62@2.65 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—300 bbls sold at $2.41@2.43 for Pennsylvania, and $2.43@2.44 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12½@12½c for city rendered, and 11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull and unsettled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 7600 head. The prices realized from 10@16½c ₩ lb. 240 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₩ lb. 3100 Hogs sold at from $11,00 @12,10 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS
In the City is Now Offered.

Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Levers, only $98; Gents' Full Jewelled Levers, warranted, only $19; American Watches less than factory prices Goodwill, Fire-proof &c., for sale. Come here if you want to save money. H. MULLIGAN,
No 552 North Second St
N. B.—Watchmakers, over 900 new Watches; large discount. nov24-4t

DYSPEPSIA

Can be cured without medicine. Send $1 for instructions ALEX. THOMAS,
nov17-2t 502 North Second St., Philadelphia

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by Friends' ceremony, NATHAN W. ELLIS to REBECCA H. CORNEAU, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. SAMUEL SHEPHERD of N. York, to Miss MARTHA F. CONNELLY, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. EDMUND OTTEY to Mrs. ELIZABETH LUDENBURGH, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, CHARLES W. STETSON, Esq., to Miss LOUISA F. SCHNABEL, both of this city.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. SAMUEL G. COX to Miss SARAH J. STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., JOHN GIBSON, of Pottsville, to MATILDA MENTZER, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, Mr. GEORGE SHUSTER, in his 87th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JOHN MAHOOD, in his 39th year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN HARDING, Jr., in his 73 year.

On the 11th instant, ELIZABETH CRANMER, in her 52d year.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT PATTERSON, aged 81 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY L. PARKER, in her 41st year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JACOB BERNHEIMER, in his 84th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs MARY A. PHILLIPS, aged 60 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. PHEBE DOWELL, in her 73d year.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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WANTED.—SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND others, to send us the names and address of twenty teachers of public schools, and five of academies; for which we will send by mail, free, a copy of a new work entitled: "ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS;" containing the most popular patriotic effusions of the day, the rarest poetical gems, the finest specimens of oratory, and a fund of mirth and humor. This work is by a Professor of Elocution of this city, and will contain about two hundred 12mo pages. As we are desirous to put it into the hands of every teacher in the land, we make this very generous offer.

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Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST
In the Great North-West,

Will commence its Twenty-Seventh year of publication Jan. 1, 1867.

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This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

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WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
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☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.

☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.
oct13-3m

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 59
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 60

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $64
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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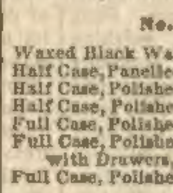
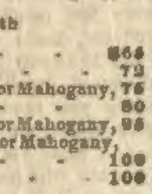
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. H. H. ROBB,
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In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. 25c a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY,
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nov3-3m

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DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free.
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The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H
PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O
DYSPEPSIA.
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L
REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Kensington and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
936 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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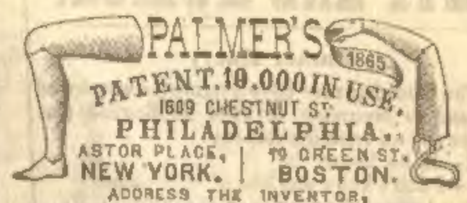
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-eowly



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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5
THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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Originally patented May 13th, 1862; *Improvement patented June 9th*, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, TUCK, RUN UP RUFFLES, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,
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FALL ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

DAY EXPRESS	at	9.00	A.M.
PACLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00		A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00	M.
PARKSBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PACLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20		A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKSBURG TRAIN	at	9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.
Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.30 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is *guaranteed* in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 926, Watertown, N. Y. sep1-3m

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Rather Racy.

The following racy conversation is worthy of perusal as occurring between an English traveller and an Irish innkeeper:

E.—Hallo, house.

I.—I don't know any one of that name.

E.—Are you the master of the inn?

I.—Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

E.—Have you a bill of fare?

I.—Yes, sir; the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinlee are the next week.

E.—I see; how are your beds?

I.—Very well; I thank you, sir.

E.—Have you any "Mountain?"

I.—Yes, sir; this country is full of mountains.

E.—I mean a kind of wine.

I.—Yes, sir, all kinds—Irish wine [buttermilk] to Burgundy.

E.—Have you any porter?

I.—Yes, sir; Pat is an excellent—he'll go anywhere.

E.—No, no, I mean porter to drink.

I.—Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—never fear him for that.

E.—Have you any fish?

I.—They call me an odd fish.

E.—I think so—I hope you are not a shark.

I—No, sir; indeed I am not a lawyer.

E.—Have you any wild fowls?

I.—They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

E.—I must see myself.

I.—And welcome, sir; I will fetch you the looking-glass.

Turn-About is Fair Play.

Everybody who visited the White Mountains a dozen years ago, going from Portland by the old White Mountain stage-line, will remember John Smith, the driver. He was a man of moods, and frequently was the very opposite of courteous to his passengers. One day, on his downward trip, he had as an outside passenger a very loquacious party, who, despite many rebuffs, persevered in attempting to make John talk. At last, in response to one of the gentleman's inquiries, John roughly answered, "You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine!" This was effectual, and Loquax shut up. The stage rolled on, stopped at Standish a few moments to leave the mail, and went on. When a point some six or eight miles beyond the pleasant village was reached, John looked under his seat and saw that the mail-bag was missing. "There," said he, with much vehemence, "I've left that mail?" "Yes," responded the outside passenger, "I knew you did!" "Well, why the d—l didn't you tell me of it?" inquired the irate John. "Why, you requested me not long ago to mind my business and you'd mind yours, and I thought I'd let you; but you don't seem to have done it!" was the answer. John gathered up his reins, turned his horses' heads the other way and drove rapidly back to Standish for the missing mail.

Mrs. Partington on Fashion.

"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington, "the females of the present generation are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal to-day, and that I know belonged to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all buzzled up like as if she hadn't to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumpled condition on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellers came along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old white rag, why I would run for dear life, and hid out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconfiscated critters; now they are what the French call 'blazes.'"

SHOCKING A "SPINSTER."—The boarders in a fashionable house were assembled in the public parlor one evening, when a rather antiquated maiden lady, who never seemed to have any employment but admiring her jewelry and dresses, lisped out the remark that she loved a rainy day, and always availed herself of it to arrange her drawers. "So do I," growled out an old sea-captain. "I overhaul my drawers, and shirts, too, sometimes, and sew on a button or a string where it is needed." Mademoiselle did not faint; but there was an angry rustle of silks, as she swept out of the room, leaving all to exchange a suppressed titter for a good, hearty laugh.

LANGUAGE OF PINES.—In North Carolina it is frequent among her forests of fat pine for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable production with an eye painted upon it. This signifies, "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood-pile the best and smoothest specimen of a knot. This signifies, "pine not." But if, on the other hand, she detests him,—there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration with the young women,—she burns one end of his message, and this generally throws the young man in despair, for it means, "I make light of your pining."

A Romantic Lover.

A romantic story is told of an Englishman who sought the hand of a very charming lady with whom he was passionately in love, but who constantly refused him. As he had reason to believe she loved him, he entreated to know the reason why she refused her consent to their union. The lady, subdued by his constancy, told him that her only motive for refusing him was, that having by an accident lost a leg, it had been replaced by a wooden one, and she feared that sooner or later this circumstance would chill his affection for her. This she declared to be her only motive. The lover protested that would never make him change his love; but she persisted in refusing to marry him. Fired with love, and determined that nothing should obstruct his design, he, under the pretext of going a distant voyage, left the lady and hastened to Paris, where he had one of his own legs amputated. When he had recovered, he returned to London, went to the lady, and told her that now there was no obstacle to their union, for that he was equally mutilated with herself. The lady, conquered by such a proof of affection, at last consented to marry him.

☞ The consumptive man has one advantage. He always keeps a back.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

COUSIN WILLIAM.—"There they are, Charlotte! Jump over the fence, take the inside, and you shall have the first shot."

[Unfortunately, Charlotte, though she sees, in one sense, the fence very well, in another sense (a slang one) "does not quite see it."]

The Samaritans.

From "Eastwards," by Dr. M'Leod.

But we must not forget the modern Samaritans, whose existence invests Nablous with great interest. We pause and wonder as we realize the fact of a community, consisting of only about one hundred and fifty souls, or forty families, living for nearly three thousand years separate from all other races on earth, with their own Pentateuch, ritual, sacrifices, and worship, and surviving all the changes and revolutions of Palestine and of the world. Here they are still, worshipping towards Mount Gerizim, having no fellowship with the Jews, keeping all the great festivals prescribed by Moses, and eating their Passover "on this mountain," the oldest spot for the worship of Jehovah on the face of the earth! Such a fact stands alone. This undying dogmatism puzzles historians; this race, so noble-looking, yet marrying only in their own small community, puzzles ethnographers, and creates in all feelings of wonder such as one might experience if in some distant land he came upon a breed of Mammoths, or Pterodactyles, which everywhere else were known only as fossils. To meet them here especially, at Jacob's Well, and under the same delusions as when Christ first preached to them and converted many of them, but adds to the wonder of a spectacle familiar to every traveller in Palestine.

Coffee Crushed vs. Ground.

The following is from the Annual of Scientific Discovery:—

It is not generally known that coffee that has been beaten is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact; and this brief article on the subject Savarin gives what he considers the reason for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used, these pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined, by actual experiment, which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one passed through the mill, the other was beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHEESE CHAT.

Those who have been educated to believe, or taken the idea into their heads without being educated at all, that cheese is an unwholesome diet, are much in error. It is likely enough that a surfeit on cheese will sometimes kill, or come uncomfortably near it. So will beef a-la-mode, oysters, or chicken pot-pie. But eaten regularly and in moderation at every meal, cheese is not only a wholesome diet as a promoter of digestion, but at twenty-five cents per pound even is more economical than meats. This has been satisfactorily proved by experiment and chemical analysis of the two materials, but more satisfactorily by the experience and every-day practice of the mechanic and field laborer in England, Scotland and Wales, and among the same classes in Holland and Belgium.

Bread, cheese, and beer constitute the dinner of the artisan, mechanic, and ordinary laborer in all these countries. Cheese, bread, and beer make the breakfasts of themselves and families, and beer, cheese, and bread make in the main the suppers of the majority of the working classes in all these countries, and where else shall we find working men and women and children more hardy, healthful and vigorous? Certainly not in our own country of universal meat eaters.

We know from other than Bible authority that "man shall not live by bread alone," and that beer, though it may be wholesome, is not food *per se*, the conclusion is that the strength, endurance and robust health of these habitual cheese eaters comes in a considerable degree from the consumption of that material.

There is another cheese error that a very great many—perhaps the majority of all American farmers have fallen into, and do not seem inclined to fall out of without a great deal of persuasion—*i. e.* the belief that cheese cannot be made so as to be profitable or good cheese during the winter, or without keeping ten or twelve cows at least. Let us see how some of our foreign cheese-makers manage that, taking first the

THURINGIA CHEESE.

In Saxony they manufacture very palatable cheese from the milk of a single cow and a patch of potatoes in this way:—The potatoes are boiled until perfectly cooked through; then mashed, and to four pounds of potatoes add one quart of thick, sour milk with salt enough to season, and knead the mass thoroughly as you would a batch of bread dough. Let it stand in bulk four days. Then give it another vigorous kneading, divide into balls of three to five pounds weight, press these with the hand as compact as possible into small baskets, and dry in summer in the shade; in winter by the fire or stove. When thoroughly dry put the cheese into tin cans or any of the improved fruit cans, seal up, and set by for use in a cool, dry place, and they will keep in capital condition five years. Let us have a look next at

SKIM MILK CHEESE.

In all tropical countries cheese made of skim milk, and of small size, keep far better, and are always more in demand than the great new or whole milk monsters of from fifty one hundred pounds that the hot weather melts into mush, and very few people care to purchase. Skim milk cheese, made small and thin, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, may be profitably manufactured by all our butter dairymen and women the year round, and as they require none of the bandaging and fussing over to keep them where and what they ought to be, it will pay largely those who conduct butter dairies either large or small to turn their skim milk into cheese. It will sell readily and rapidly, paying far better than "smear-kase."

EDAM CHEESE.

Thus far the Netherlanders have maintained the "call" of the market, supplying the civilized, and a good deal of the uncivilized world, too, with what is popularly known as "pine-apple" cheese. Very excellent cheese it is, too—this Dutch pine apple, keeping in all climates capitally, and always commanding ready sale at good prices. This is the Hollander's formula for making Edam cheese. It is simple enough, and the Holland "pine apples" may just as easily be made in the United States, wherever four or five cows are kept, as it is in the Netherlands:

The fresh, sweet milk is curdled with muriatic acid or spirits of salt, and the curd cut and chopped and manipulated in the most thorough manner in order to expel every particle of whey. The curd is then soaked in a brine of sufficient strength to float an egg for an hour. The brine is then worked out, and the curd subjected to a heavy pressure in iron moulds that give the pine-apple form to the cheese. After from four to five hours' pressing the cheese is taken from the form and anointed with soft butter, having as much fine salt worked into it as it will hold. Thus finished up they set singly in rows on shelves in a cool, airy place, and with a month's curing are in a fit condition to send abroad, and will keep for years in any climate.

The largest of these Dutch cheese never exceed four and a half pounds in weight, to make one of which requires about six gallons of milk. So at any farm-house, where three or four cows only are kept, an Edam cheese may be made every day without interfering with other duties, and the aggregate for a year would make a very respectable increase of income.

PARMESAN CHEESE.

This cheese, celebrated for its delicious flavor and beautiful, elastic texture, is made in that Italian territory called the Lodesan district lying between Lodi and Cremona, and comprising the richest grazing portion of the Milanese department. The cows from which the Parmesan cheese is made are always kept closely guarded and fed all the year round with green food. As the weight of these Italian cream cheeses range from 150 to 200 pounds, of course there are no individual dairies that afford sufficient milk to make one, and so a whole community of Parmese farmers club together—putting in their milk and making a cheese first for one, and then another, until every member of the company is supplied with a cheese weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, according to the quantity of milk contributed.

This Parmese cheese combination is most likely the parent of our combination cheese companies in the United States. There are similar confederacies in two or three of the provinces of France, and two at least in Switzerland at which the famous cheese of Neufchatel and Gruyere is manufactured.

CORIANDER FOR COWS.

It has been found that coriander seed is an excellent, and it is believed an infallible alterative of milk. Sometimes it happens that the very finest appearing animal in the herd, and most generous milker, gives milk that will neither afford good butter by itself, and mixed with other milk always makes with difficulty. To correct this give coriander seed as follows:

Grind the seed in a coffee mill, mix two tablespoonsful thoroughly with a pint of good sound cider, then stir the whole into a dish of corn meal, bran, or any fine food, and feed the cow every morning before she has eaten anything else. From three to six doses will effect a change that will most likely prove satisfactory, and in all cases permanent.

LANDS FOR THE LANDLESS.

As there are thousands of persons wondering where they shall go to find land at a rate that their purses can command, and leave them something for improvements and making a home of their purchase, some of them may be glad to learn that within the limits of the cotton states there are thirty millions or so of as good farming land as ever lay out-doors, unoccupied, inviting occupation and subject to pre-emption, and all the rights and privileges of the Homestead law.

Alabama has 6,782,059 acres of unoccupied public land; Louisiana 6,228,102 acres; Florida, 1,932,796 acres; Mississippi, 4,760,786 acres; and Arkansas 9,228,016 acres. In the West, Iowa alone has twelve million acres of virgin soil open to free occupation, equal in quality to the best lands in our country.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——In 1864 the assessed valuation of 102 counties in Illinois was $356,709,058; in 1865, $391,603,284. Ten per cent. per annum. What will Illinois foot up at that rate by the year of grace 1900? "A big thing."

——In England they are raising oysters on a string, *i. e.*, they stretch cords strung full of oyster shells over the oyster beds in the salt marshes, just clear of the bottom; the young bivalves attach themselves to these and grow up, and there they are, ropes of marketable oysters.

——Martha's Vineyard don't produce many grapes, but it sends to market wild geese, black ducks, loons, codfish, coots, herrings, shell drakes, flounders, halibut, haddock, and more eggs than any other territory of equal area in creation. Pretty profitable vineyard after all.

——Now is the time to give the strawberry beds a thorough cleaning out, and after that a faithful mulching of something that will cover the plants and keep them from freezing to death.

——The black squirrels out in Michigan are beginning to turn white. They say—the squirrels do—look out for a very white winter.

——Everywhere, where there ever was wild game, it is plentier this fall than any one of this generation has ever before seen it—bears, deer, coons, 'possums, squirrels, and all sorts of game birds literally swarm in many parts of the country.

RECEIPTS.

A GOOD AND CHEAP PUDDING.—Take one pint milk, one egg, a little nutmeg, two ounces moist sugar; beat them together, then add by degrees three pilod tablespoonsful flour till it is a smooth batter; slice four apples; put one tablespoonful of dripping. Put the dripping into a tin basin, let it get very hot, and strain in the batter. Bake an hour. Eat it with cold butter.—*Mrs. Warren.*

POTTED TONGUE.—Boil tender an unsmoked tongue of good flavor, and the following day cut from it the quantity desired for potting, or take for this purpose the remains of one which has already been served at table. Trim off the skin and rind, weigh the meat, mince it very small, then pound it as fine as possible with four ounces of butter to each pound of tongue, a small teaspoonful of mace, half as much of nutmeg and cloves, and a tolerably high seasoning of cayenne. After the spices are well beaten with the meat, taste it, and add more if required. A few ounces of any well roasted meat mixed with the tongue will give it firmness. The breast of turkeys, fowls, partridges or pheasants may be used for the purpose with good effect.

CRUST FOR PUMPKIN PIE.—First butter the pan, then pound a cracker fine, and sprinkle it for a coating over the dish. Sufficient quantity will adhere on every side to form a good crust for the pie, which, though impalpable, is palatable to the most refined taste.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Scrape half a cake of good chocolate, which put into a stewpan, and moisten by degrees with a pint of warm milk and cream; when well dissolved, mix with the yolks of eggs, and finish the same as for other custards.

APPLE JELLY.—Ten quarts of sliced sour apples stewed very soft in four quarts of water; drain over night without pressing, through a flannel bag. Then add a quart of sugar to one of juice and three sliced lemons, boil them together twenty minutes, strain while hot through a fine sieve or flannel bag into bowls.

RED HANDS.—Keep some oatmeal on the washstand, and as often as the hands are washed rub a little oatmeal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade, made as follows: Take three pennyworth of white wax, three do. of spermaceti, three do. of powdered camphor, and olive oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up, and, when cold, it will be found very good for the hands.

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes that six years' experience has convinced him that a coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries, until the pores are filled, and the surfaces shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary soles.

SWEET CORN.—The "Oneida Community" put up sweet corn by putting the corn raw into tin cans, then fill with cold water even with the top of the corn; solder up the can, pricking a small hole in the cover; solder that up also. Boil the cans and contents in boiling water two hours and a half; then with a hot iron open the small hole, and let the gas blow out; after which solder up and boil again two hours and a half, and set away for use.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 10, 16, is a number.
My 2, 10, 5, 9, is to make warm.
My 3, 5, 1, 6, is a grain.
My 4, 5, 14, 1, is a part of a ship.
My 5, 13, 1, is an insect.
My 6, 9, 15, 11, 12, is an article of household use.
My 7, 3, 5, 1, is an animal.
My 8, 15, 13, 16, 10, 9, is a short poem.
My 9, 10, 5, is a refreshing beverage.
My 10, 5, 6, 1, is a point of the compass.
My 11, 5, 8, 9, is an empty waste.
My 12, 5, 1, is to consume.
My 13, 3, is a word of denial.
My 14, 15, 16, is a male child.
My 15, 16, is the opposite of off.
My whole is the name of a General who was killed at Spottsylvania. M. J. B. BROOKS.
Sinnemahoning.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 8, 4, 3, 12, belongs to an animal.
My 11, 6, 9, 3, is an article of food.
My 2, 4, 1, is a vegetable.
My 5, 12, 6, 13, is what we all do.
My 1, 9, 13, 10, 14, is found useful.
My 7, 4, 13, is what many have done before us.
My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare.
J. K. S.

Mythological Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My first letter commences the name of one of the Muses.
My second, an Egyptian Goddess.
My third, the Goddess of Vengeance.
My fourth, one of the Nymphs.
My fifth, one of the judges of the infernal regions.
My sixth, a household deity.
My seventh, a god who presides over poetry, music, physic, and rhetoric.
My whole is the name of the most remarkable of the daughters of Jupiter.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A root.
A bad character.
A river.
A bird.
An hotel.
My initials and finals form two colors.
J. GILPIN PYLE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C, purchased a grindstone 40 inches in diameter, 4 inches thick at the outer edge, and 6 inches thick in the centre (at the eye.) How much of the diameter must each grind down to get an equal share? And how many cubic inches are in the stone, allowing 5 inches square in the centre for the waste?
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The city of A is in latitude 60 degrees North and longitude 50 degrees West of Greenwich; the city of B is in latitude 40 degrees North and longitude 75 degrees West of Greenwich; the city of C is in latitude 30 degrees North and longitude 65 degrees West of Greenwich, and the city of D is at an equal distance from A, B, and C. Required—the course and distance from A to B, from A to C, and from B to C; the course and distance of D from each of the other three cities, and the latitude and longitude of D, supposing the earth to be a perfect sphere of 7,912 miles diameter.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C, in company, put in $5,762; A's stock was in five months; B's, seven months; and C's, nine months. They gained $780, which was so divided that ⅓ of A's was 1-5 of B's, and 1-5 of B's was ¼ of C's. But B absconded after receiving $2,087. What did each gain or lose by B's misconduct?
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse? Ans.—One goes better when it is tired, and the other don't.

☞ Why should a gardener feel himself a very independent man? Ans.—Because he commands his time (thyme,) raises his salary (celery) yearly, and is master of the mint.

☞ What is the pretender to the crown? Ans.—A lady's bonnet.

☞ Why is kissing like victory? Ans.—It's easy to grant, (Grant.)

Answers to Last.

CHARADE—Independent, (Inn—Dee—pen—dent.) DOUBLE REBUS—Ivanhoe, Rebecca, (Isar—Venice—Arab—Night-shade—Hedonic—optic—Eva.)

ERRATUM.—Part of the answer to my Problem of Aug. 4, is wrong. The latter part of it should read:—and he described a semicircle whose radius is 10 rods. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☞ One of the new boulevards in Moscow has been named the Boulevard Amerikanaki.

☞ Pawnbroker's Checks—Turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.